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SPECIAL ISSUE

TIME

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A Week In the Life Of a Hospital

On the front lines in the war between money and medicine

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OCTOBER 12, 1998

TIME

VOL. 152 NO. 15

THE WEEKLY NEWSMAGAZINE

SPECIAL REPORT

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The same urgency and intellect that America's teaching hospitals apply to saving lives is now also going into saving the institutions themselves. All across the country, academic medical centers are trying to figure out how to marry progress with profits. At the Duke University Medical Center, TIME visits the front line in the war between money and medicine

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TO OUR READERS

THE WORLD IS FULL OF IMPORTANT stories; the trick is finding fresh and compelling ways to tell them. It often helps to think big: to commit lots of talent, time and space to the effort. That's what we did last year when TIME sought to explore the mood of late-century America by sending a team of journalists rolling from town to town and coast to coast along U.S. Highway 50. This week we take a similar high-impact approach to the vital subject of healing, in a 36-page special report on a week in the life of one of the nation's premier teaching hospitals.

BOB SACHA FOR TIME

BARRETT SEAMAN

That institution, Duke University Medical Center in North Carolina, agreed to play host to 14 of our journalists, who examined everything from the effects of managed care and advances in medical research to the role of religion in patients' recovery.

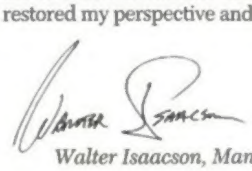
SACHA FOR TIME

NANCY GIBBS

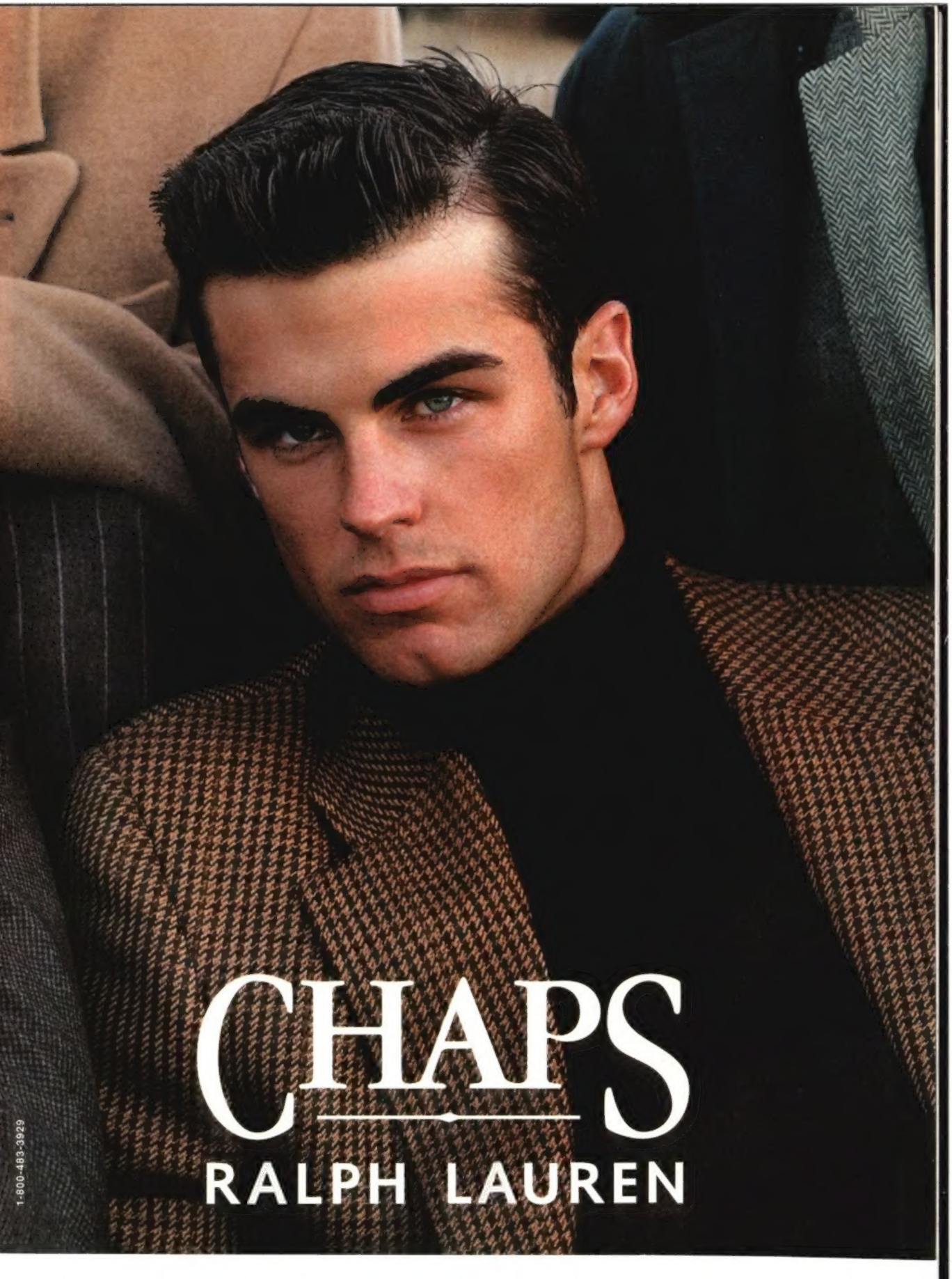
On call 24 hours a day and equipped with hospital pagers, the team was directed and its work edited by Barrett Seaman, our special-projects editor. Nancy Gibbs, the senior editor who conceived the project, staked out the infant intensive-care unit. Adam Cohen, a staff writer, checked out Duke's marketing strategy. Senior writer David Van Biema's beeper alerted him whenever a patient was feared to be dying. Deputy photo editor Rick Boeth marshaled the photographers chronicling the action. Veteran science correspondent Dick Thompson and senior reporter Alice Park "knew what the doctors were talking about, which made them translators for the rest of us," says Seaman.

ALICE PARK

Observes Gibbs: "Reporting on Washington, we always think we're dealing with life-or-death situations. This experience restored my perspective and balance."



Walter Isaacson, Managing Editor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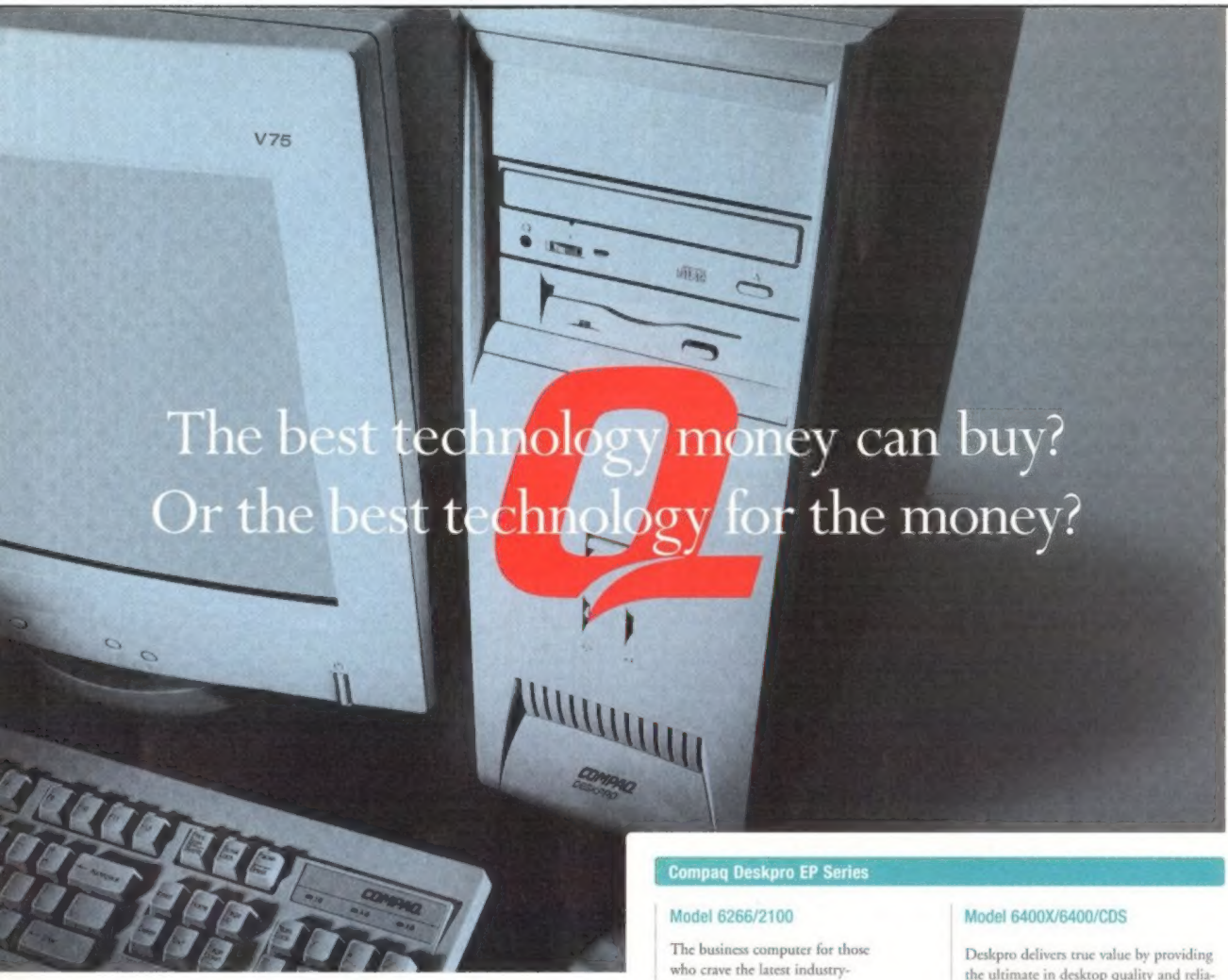

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Harriet Barovick

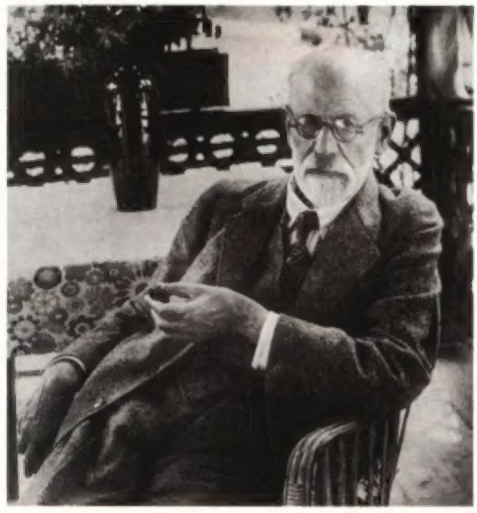
A Man and His Couch

A disputed Freud exhibit finally makes its appearance in Washington

THE IMPORTANT THING," SAYS TV'S HOMER SIMPSON TO his daughter, "is for your mother to repress what happened, push it deep down inside her so she'll never annoy us again." Though he may not grasp all the nuances, Homer turns out to be just another disciple of Sigmund Freud. That, at least, is one of the revelations to be found in "Sigmund Freud: Conflict and Culture," the largest ever exhibition on the founder of modern psychology, set to open next week at the Library of Congress in Washington. Along with some 200 TV and film clips that document Freud's impact on popular culture, visitors will get to peruse 170 artifacts from the library's 80,000-item Freud collection. They include home movies of the Viennese doctor as an old man, facsimiles of his desk and couch, handwritten notes on his famous cases, and little-seen letters, among them one in which Freud comments sympathetically on homosexuality to a woman who had written him about her son.

It all may seem a perfectly apt tribute to the inventor of psychoanalysis. But three years ago it appeared in danger of never opening at all. A band of scholars objected that the exhibit, though still being assembled, would be a fawning tribute to a figure who was outdated at best, a dishonest quack at worst. Library officials, stunned to find themselves thrust into a battle they were not prepared for, postponed the show, claiming lack of funds. Yet now the exhibit is about to open with hardly a peep. What happened?

Certainly the debate over Freud rages on. His theories of the unconscious and the impact of early-childhood experiences on our adult psyches, his methods of psychoanalysis, his very vocabulary—the id and superego, repression and libido—are the foundation on which modern psychology is built. Yet most practitioners no longer adhere strictly to his approach. Some critics have claimed that his theories were based on shaky science or were contaminated by Freud's mistakes and manipulation of patients. Traditional Freudian analysis is now practiced by only a small cadre, overshadowed by drug therapies and short-term counseling more likely to be covered by managed care.



A.W. FREUD—LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

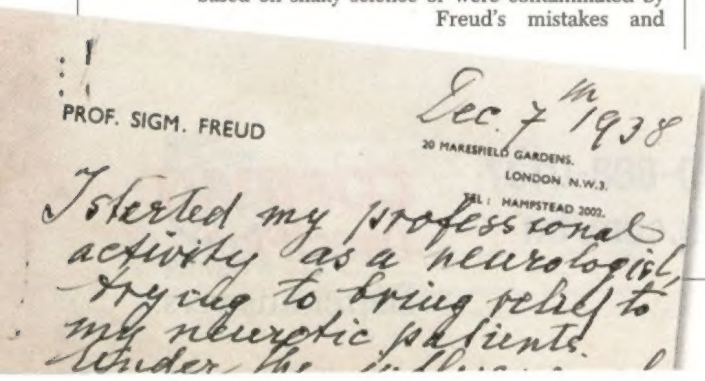
MARK PATERSON AND ASSOCIATES—LIBRARY OF CONGRESS

FATHER FIGURE The doctor's debunkers distanced themselves three years ago, but cool heads prevailed

As word of the Freud exhibit began to emerge in 1995, one combative anti-Freudian, Peter Swales, a media-savvy Freud scholar and former "business assistant" to the Rolling Stones, charged that the advisory counsel was stacked in favor of the Freudians. He circulated a petition, signed by 50 academics, requesting representation of the "full spectrum of informed opinion" on Freud. Curator Michael Roth, while insisting that he had consulted with a range of scholars from the outset, responded by adding two Freud critics to the advisory panel, even as he questioned the motives of some of the protesters. "In the Freud industry," says Roth, "some people get a lot out of being angry." Swales in particular is known for his curious battling tactics, mailing opponents long, single-spaced letters, with copies sent to colleagues or the media; to Freud biographer Peter Gay, Swales added a cutout picture of Gay with his hand colored red. But several signers of the petition have since distanced themselves from it. Nathan Hale, a psychoanalytic historian, retracted his name, saying the petition had become "an excuse for indiscriminate Freud bashing." Another signer, author Oliver Sacks, said in an interview that he was distressed to be "linked to the angry anti-Freudians"; he has written an essay for the catalog that accompanies the exhibit.

Roth says only minimal changes were made in the exhibit, though the catalog now includes several additional essays critical of Freud. Swales, who bridles at suggestions that he wanted the show killed, still thinks "the public has been terribly shortchanged." But another prominent Freud critic, Frederick Crews, who called the original effort a "propaganda campaign" in need of rehauling, says Roth has so far made impressive "good-faith efforts" to create a balance.

"The questions Freud asked turn our attention to problems that remain important for us," says Roth. "We didn't try to determine whether the answers he gave were always correct but how his questions influenced the 20th century. I'm not one of those who think we should forget about Freud entirely." Indeed, the whole brouhaha shows how difficult it is for everyone to forget about him. "The passion over this topic is amazing," says Ingrid Scholz-Strasser of the Sigmund Freud Museum in Vienna. "For a dead science, it seems pretty lively to me." ■



LETTERS

The Starr Report

"Do Americans want a dynamic, successful President with a 'moral flaw' to be hounded out of office by a group of hypocrites?"

Carol Kraines
Deerfield, Ill.

CONGRESS HAS PUT INDEPENDENT COUNsel Kenneth Starr's report on the Internet [THE STARR REPORT, Sept. 21]. It has placed dozens, possibly hundreds, of pages of salacious material on a communications medium it purports to be trying to protect from such obscene incursions. This is every bit as hypocritical as President Clinton is accused of being.

Errol Remington
Salt Lake City, Utah

CLINTON MADE A BAD (AND VERY STUPID) sexual mistake and then tried to cover it up in an understandable effort to avoid embarrassment for himself, his family and everyone around him. That's it. I don't see much evidence of even a low crime or misdemeanor, and certainly none of any impeachable offense.

Theodore Mosher
Laurel, Md.

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE U.S.? HAVE WE fallen so low that we now accept abject amorality in our nation's most honored position? People should be outraged! Starr's report confirms our suspicions that the President has disgraced himself, his office and the ethical traditions that have nurtured this Republic since its inception. President Clinton should resign immediately and bring this sordid episode to an end.

J. Wallace Davies
Anderson, S.C.

A MAJOR AMERICAN FREEDOM IS NOW being decided: Will a person's sex life be private or public?

Joseph Devaney
Los Alamos, N.M.

LIKE MANY AMERICANS, I'M RELATIVELY untroubled by President Clinton's sexual transgressions and attempts to keep them private. Adultery and deceit go hand in hand. What does trouble me about Clinton's lies is that when he shook his finger at me and said, "I did not have sexual relations with that woman," he was so damn convincing. Nixon's Oval Office offenses and subsequent prevarications were a thousandfold more reprehensible, but I could always take comfort in his transparency. Slick Willie snookered most of us.

Martin Blinder
San Anselmo, Calif.

BILL CLINTON HAS FINALLY FOUND THE ultimate bipartisanship: he has offended both Democrats and Republicans, to say nothing of ordinary Americans.

George D. Miller
Fort Collins, Colo.

THE WORST INJURY CLINTON HAS INflicted on the nation is that he has given Starr credibility. Clinton has made it impossible for us to criticize Starr's methods and acts without seeming to defend Clinton's. And Starr is far more dangerous. If honesty is the test, Starr fails: this was and is a dishonest investigation. He gleefully created crimes by asking questions that should never have been asked, knowing that no person could answer them honestly without hurting others and so would be tempted to lie. Clinton's lies are low crimes and misdemeanors. His punishment should be, at most, censure, but it seems superfluous. Does anyone doubt that trashing your legacy and your family and being the target of endless jokes are punishment that perfectly fits the crime? Starr's conduct, on the other hand, is the Big Lie. And that scares me.

Julia F. Grant
Stamford, Conn.

PERHAPS IT'S TIME TO STOP RENTING THE video of *Wag the Dog* and take another look at Arthur Miller's *The Crucible*.

Brian Creech
Los Angeles

IT IS FARCICAL TO HEAR THE EXPRESSIONS of shock by members of Congress. I was a summer intern in the U.S. Senate during college, and I can tell you some sex

stories about both Democratic and Republican Congressmen that would make the salacious details of Monica and Bill pale by comparison. The Starr report is a political hatchet job by a partisan bounty hunter who has wasted millions of taxpayer dollars.

Byron B. Mathews Jr.
Coconut Grove, Fla.

NOTHING CLINTON HAS DONE SEEMS TO be an impeachable offense, but everything he has done is a disgrace to this country and every human being who lives in it. The fact that we aren't screaming at the top of our lungs for his dismissal doesn't say much for all of us.

Kathleen Ann Harvey
St. Marys, Ohio

Waiting for November

I WAS A LIBERAL DEMOCRAT IN THE '60S. During the '80s I was an independent and even voted for several Republicans. But all that is now ended. The way Republicans and their partisan politics have completely destroyed due process and engaged in a McCarthy-like destruction of our President, guilty or not, is deplorable. In this coming election, for the first time in my life, I will vote along party lines rather than for individuals. I'm voting for anyone but a Republican!

Joshua Touber
Venice, Calif.

She Has Her Wits About Her

KUDOS TO HILLARY RODHAM CLINTON for keeping her head up and her wits about her in the face of every woman's worst nightmare! If President Clinton manages to hold onto his office after Monica-gate, it will be due in large part to Hillary.

Denise M. Easterling
Wadsworth, Ohio

FORGET PRESIDENT CLINTON, FORGET Ken Starr and forget Monica Lewinsky. Hillary Clinton is the prime source of my shame, embarrassment and disgust these days. In continuing to "stand by her man," the First Lady is setting no kind of moral example for Americans. Certainly Hillary needs to forgive her husband. She also needs to take no more of this kind of behavior.

Rosalie Y. Dwyer
Aurora, Ill.

HILLARY MAY DO FOR DIVORCE WHAT Betty Ford did for breast cancer—beat it and change our attitudes toward it.

Karen Lilley
St. Paul, Minn.

WOULD SOMEONE PLEASE EXPLAIN THIS to me? If a Hindu wife stands by her straying husband, she is considered a domestic doormat; if Hillary Clinton does it, she is a national heroine.

Arvind Sharma
Montreal

Monica Defined

MONICA LEWINSKY—JUST ONE MORE courtesan to shake an empire.

K. Helmut Lenneberg
Correas, Brazil

RE MONICA'S BLUE DRESS: CAN ANY HONest person deny saving (perhaps as a teenager) some rather odd items as souvenirs? Like something tossed to the audience at a rock concert, or a lock of hair? I believe Monica in her youthful innocence saved the dress for the very same reasons, not because she had some devious plans for the future.

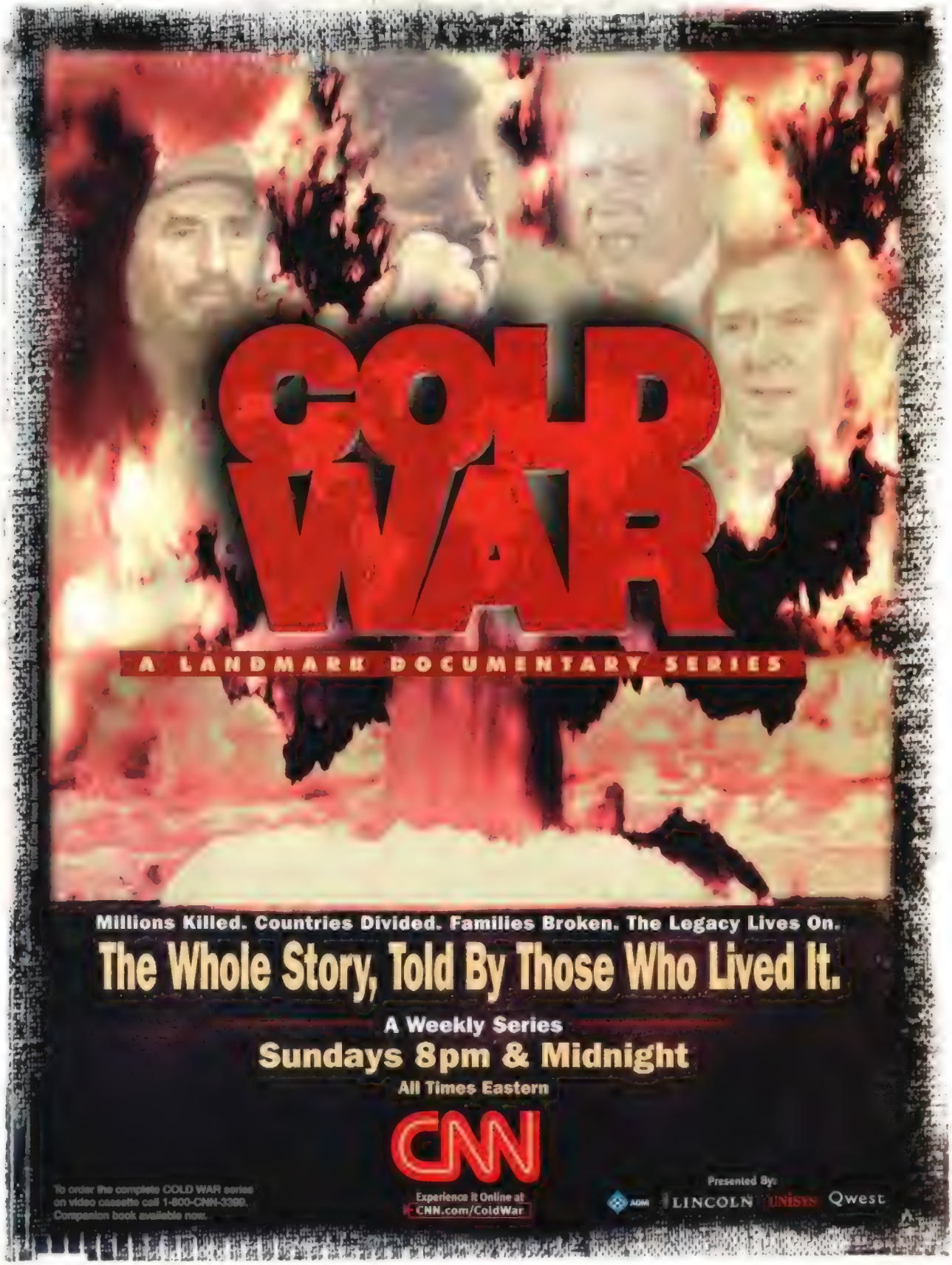
Teresa Germano
Pine Plains, N.Y.

RE TIME'S PERSON OF THE YEAR: IT MAY be too early even to start thinking of who it will be, but Monica Lewinsky has got to be the current front runner.

Grayce K. Barck
New Smyrna Beach, Fla.

Enough Said?

Molly Ivins' commentary criticizing the endless stream of media and political hubbub about Bill Clinton and Monica Lewinsky (THE STARR REPORT, Sept. 21) drew strong support from a number of readers. "Great article," said Doris Cummings of Kirkland, Wash. "Ivins expressed precisely what I feel." Marjorie Morrissette of Berkeley, Calif., applauded, "Thank you, Molly. I love you for your rational view." To Peggy Kirkendall of West Linn, Ore., Ivins reached the heart of the matter with her neologism, "the ongoing sanctimonyfest." But Marissa Ty of Newark, N.J., took issue with Ivins' condemnation of the chattering classes. "Although a multitude of daily articles on one subject is tiresome, it is simply stupid to say reporters should stop. It is their job to report, and I care about charges that my President committed a crime."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Dale Jarrett Is Racing To Defeat Breast Cancer

"We would like to be part of finding a cure so it's something our two daughters don't have to worry about."

NASCAR star Dale Jarrett learned much more than racing from his dad, Ned.

Throughout a 13-year driving career that included 50 stock-car wins, Ned traveled the circuit visiting hospitals and making as many appearances as he could. Dale took notes. "He'd make the time. That seemed important to him," the two-time Daytona 500 champion says. "I think that stuck with me."

The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation, for one, is glad it did. Along with his work for Brenner Children's Hospital in his home state of North Carolina, the American Cancer Society and the Lutheran Brotherhood's mission for underprivileged kids, Jarrett and his wife, Kelley, have joined the battle against a disease that afflicts one in nine American women and will kill 43,500 this year.

It might seem a bit unusual for a dominant driver in the macho, muscle-car world of auto racing to be a spokesperson for a cause associated with women. But for Jarrett, a 41-year-old father of four, the motivation is simple. "We would like to be part of finding a cure," he says, "so it's something our two daughters *[Natalee, 10, and Karsyn, 8, pictured above with brother Zachary, 3]* don't have to worry about."

The Komen Foundation is the nation's largest private funder of research dedicated solely to breast cancer, raising more than $90 million since 1982. For every one of his wins on the NASCAR circuit this season, Jarrett and his race team's primary sponsor, Ford Credit, will add $10,000 to that total. Another $7,500 is donated for a second-place finish, $5,000 for a third, and $5,000 for a pole position. Through 27 races, Jarrett had earned $87,500 for Komen. This is on top of the $160,000 he won for the foundation last year and the immeasurable boost he gives to breast cancer awareness.

"It really makes a difference for Dale and Kelley to share their moments in the spotlight with us," says Komen president and CEO Susan Braun. "With all the millions of NASCAR fans in the country, we can reach an audience we've never been able to before."

What started last year as simply race-day involvement has grown considerably because of Jarrett's passionate concern for the issue. He will be a guest presenter at Komen's awards banquet in Dallas, held every October as part of National Breast Cancer Awareness Month. He will also attend the Race for the Cure in Charlotte, one in a national series of fund-raising 5K runs.

The value of Jarrett's efforts is frequently reinforced. In malls, airports, almost everywhere he goes, he meets people who have had breast cancer themselves or been close to someone who did. "It's humbling to hear the stories of what they go through," he says. "You just don't realize the number of people that this is touching."

Seeing them inspires Jarrett's help, even during the grueling, nine-month race season. Like his father, he makes the time. "He's constantly thinking about what he can do to give back," Kelley says. "It's just the fabric of his being." *Brad Young*

For information or contributions, write The Susan G. Komen Breast Cancer Foundation, 5005 LBJ Freeway, Suite 370, Dallas, TX 75244, *call* (972) 855-1600 *or visit* www.breastcancerinfo.org.


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Drivers wanted.

The Challenge to Democracy

I WAS DEEPLY MOVED BY YURI ZARAKHOvich's "A Russian's Lament" [VIEWPOINT, Sept. 21], describing his country's inability to cope with freedom. The concept of freedom is so deeply ingrained in U.S. culture that it never occurs to us that other nations do not even know exactly what to embrace. It becomes all the more imperative for the West to teach these concepts to others, rather than aim for an economic coup in evolving nations. Our challenge is to elect leaders who are better than individual countries deserve—they must serve the world.

Kris Gallagher
Chicago

Gender by Choice

WE HAVE TEST-TUBE BABIES, SURROGACY, egg and sperm donation, cloning and now sex selection, as described in the report that a fertility center can offer couples an 85% chance of having a girl [MEDICINE, Sept. 21]. Congratulations to scientists everywhere who have finally managed to lower the status of children in our society to that of a possession—like a cheap pair of shoes.

Jean A. Steuer
Dubuque, Iowa

TIME's Extended Family

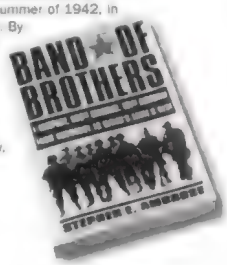
Books.
[AT BARNES & NOBLE]

America's Historian
Stephen E. Ambrose

BAND OF BROTHERS

Some were mountain men and coal miners, others sons of the middle class and still others fresh out of the Ivy League. They came together in the summer of 1942, in the military training fields of Georgia. By 1944, they would be Easy Company, the 506th Parachute Infantry Regiment, 101st Airborne—an elite band that received the toughest assignments, from landing behind enemy lines on D-Day to the daring capture of Hitler's Eagle's Nest. Now, share in their unforgettable story.
(Touchstone)

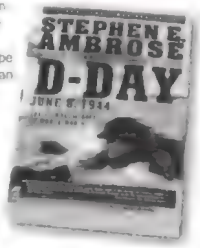
Publisher's Price: $14.00
Discount **20%**
B&N Price: $11.20



D-DAY JUNE 6, 1944:
THE CLIMACTIC BATTLE OF WORLD WAR II

This *New York Times* bestseller is the definitive chronicle of the day that shaped the second half of the 20th century. From the command centers in Britain and Germany to the trenches on the Normandy beaches, Ambrose has captured D-Day in all its drama, scope and violence. To understand the meaning of this battle and indeed the nature of war itself, read *D-Day*.
(Touchstone)

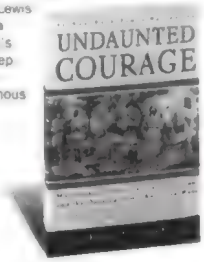
Publisher's Price: $17.00
Discount **20%**
B&N Price: $13.60



UNDAUNTED COURAGE

This *New York Times* bestseller combines high adventure with high politics and passionate romance with personal tragedy, to tell the story of one of the most momentous expeditions in American history. Lewis and Clark's journey in search of a waterway to the Pacific. Ambrose's eloquent descriptions and his deep understanding of the characters involved help America's most famous explorers come to life.
(Touchstone)

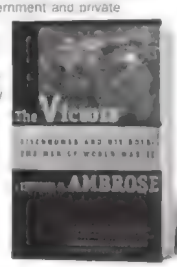
Publisher's Price: $16.00
Discount **20%**
B&N Price: $12.80



THE VICTORS

In *The Victors*, Ambrose vividly recreates the last months of the last great war in Europe, from D-Day, June 6, 1944, to May 7, 1945. He draws on thousands of interviews and oral histories, on confidential government and private archives and on the memories of front-line soldiers and top military commanders alike to deliver an authoritative account of the monumental Allied thrust that ultimately destroyed the Nazi regime.
(Simon & Schuster)

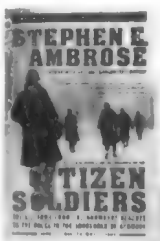
Publisher's Price: $28.00
Discount **30%**
B&N Price: $19.60



CITIZEN SOLDIERS

From the beaches of Normandy to the Battle of the Bulge to the surrender of Germany, Ambrose has written an inspiring in-depth *New York Times* bestseller of the U.S. Army in the European Theater of Operations. Here, as you've never seen them before, are Eisenhower and Patton, the field nurses and doctors, the office clerks and code-breakers...and the citizen soldiers who overcame their fear and inexperience to triumph over the Nazi war machine.
(Touchstone)

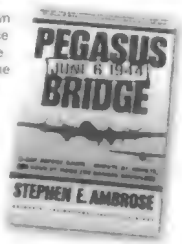
Publisher's Price: $16.00
Discount **20%**
B&N Price: $12.80



PEGASUS BRIDGE
JUNE 6, 1944

A minute-by-minute account of the first engagement—and one of the most daring missions—undertaken on D-Day. In the pre-dawn hours, a crack unit of British airborne troops stormed the German defense forces at Pegasus Bridge. Here is the complete and unvarnished story of that pivotal moment in all its honor, horror and heroism.
(Touchstone)

Publisher's Price: $11.00
Discount **20%**
B&N Price: $8.80



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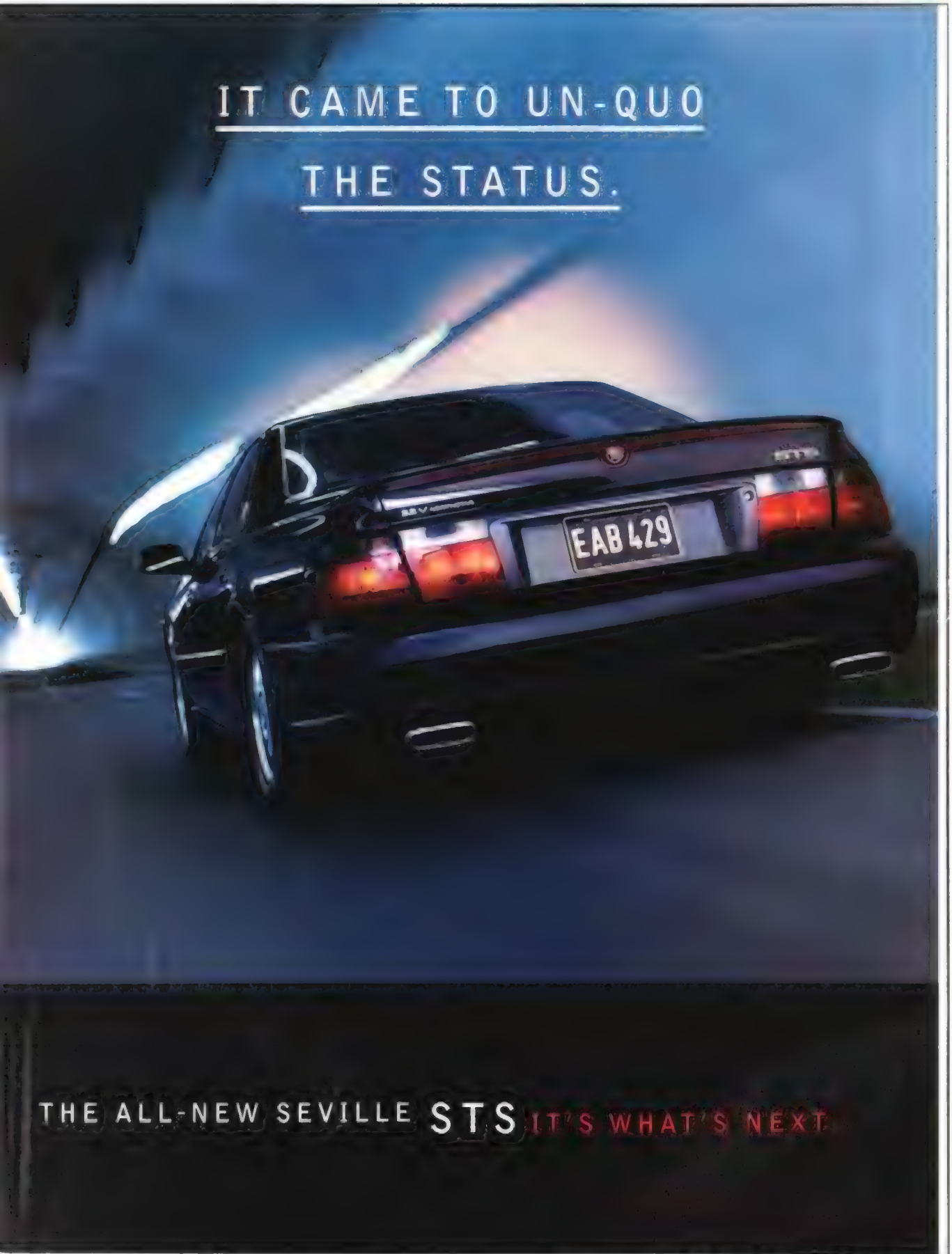
The list of the international automotive elite has been most predictable for a long time now. But, with the arrival of the all-new Seville STS, all bets are off. > This is more power than the most powerful E-Class Mercedes. > This is better than the BMW 540i in an independently run slalom for speed and agility. > This is an interior that meets or beats a Lexus LS400 on 28 of 29 measures. > This is a 425-watt Bose 4.0 audio system with astounding purity and imaging that can sense when a window opens, and adjust volume accordingly. > This is optional driver and front passenger seats that will measure your body, read its movement, and adjust specifically to you. > This is power and control you might never have expected. The list of international automotive elite has just increased by one nameplate. Because the STS isn't just new. It's what's next.


IT CAME TO UN-QUO
THE STATUS.
EAB 429
THE ALL-NEW SEVILLE STS
IT'S WHAT'S NEXT.

Celebrating People of Size

STEVE LOPEZ'S REPORT ON THE MILLION Pound March, a demonstration in support of the rights of overweight people [AMERICAN SCENE, Sept. 14], was a trite, meanspirited diatribe against fat people. His thoughtless reiteration of every stereotyped gibe used against the obese is the reason the National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance exists.

Leslie C. Warren
Ellicott City, Md.

AS ONE OF THE ORGANIZERS OF THE MILLION Pound March, I was appalled at Lopez's characterization of the event. His commentary reflected a total lack of understanding of the discrimination and stigma that fat people face in this society and instead was chock-full of stereotypical comments and biases. Lopez clearly needs to get over it. It is unfortunate that he was not at all touched by what was truly an inspirational, powerful and moving event.

Sally E. Smith, Executive Director
National Association to Advance Fat Acceptance
Sacramento, Calif.

I TRY TO BE AN EXAMPLE OF LIVING HAPpily, even though I am overweight. I thought Lopez's piece was delightful. It's great to know we can all laugh at ourselves. I would disagree that there are no health problems with obesity, but I do know my size should never stand in the way of my life and work. I am a mother, wife, homemaker and senior in college. I have fun, swim, garden and have many friends who see me as a whole person, not just somebody who forgot to stop eating. Yay for the Million Pound March! May it march again.

Terry Stamp
Bridgeport, W.Va.

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VERBATIM

"The irony of having that much power ... and having no place to go struck me. Men of power who don't even have a Holiday Inn to escape to in the afternoon—that shows you how little power they have."

GAY TALESE, *author of* Thy Neighbor's Wife, *on the presidency*

"Did you think Saddam Hussein was going to join the Boy Scouts?"

SENATOR JOHN MCCAIN, *accusing the Chairman of the Joint Chiefs of Staff of misleading the public about preparedness*

"I had waterfront property, waterback property, waterside property, water-everywhere property."

JAYNE HOWELL, *whose house in Pascagoula, Miss., was left awash in sewage by Hurricane Georges*

"I've never had champagne before!"

SAMMY SOSA, *deliriously, after the Cubs beat the Giants to make the playoffs*

Sources: Talese: McCain (New York Times); Howell (AP); Sosa (Washington Post)

ON THE OFFENSIVE Though his bellicose oratory was unconvincingly disavowed by the White House, James ("Corporal Cue Ball") Carville, as he called himself, opened a second front in his war on Clinton's tormentors, this time against Newt Gingrich

WINNERS & LOSERS

BILL CLINTON
Mysterious magnetic star sends dangerous rays toward earth. At last, the diversion he's prayed for!

THE WB
Network's young lust-and-angst formula a winner; MSNBC tries to copy, but Monica's no Felicity

SHANE SPENCER
Young Yank out-homering Big Mac. An immortal? Who cares? This is a sweet spot in time

DESMOND PFEIFFER
Stupid series mugs Lincoln, mocks slavery. Pronounced "Puh-feiffer," as in "Puh-thetic"

ALAN GREENSPAN
Like a parsimonious tipper, he grudgingly pares the prime. Way to solve the financial crisis!

HELMUT KOHL
It will take a big man to fill his shoes, though not as big a man as it would to fill his shorts

BILL REITZEL—UPN

CAREER GUIDANCE

Albright for President?

WHEN CZECH PRESIDENT VACLAV HAVEL was in Washington last month, he told **MADELEINE ALBRIGHT** that he had a novel idea: when his current term ends, she should become President of the Czech Republic. As Secretary of State, Albright is nominally in line for the U.S. presidency, but as a foreign-born citizen, she cannot hold the office. Not so in the Czech Republic, where Albright was born. The idea of Albright's succeeding Havel, who has been found to have lung cancer, was being touted by Havel's friends in a Czech magazine called *The New Presence*. "It isn't a completely absurd idea ... A politician of her caliber, as well as her energy and political experience, would take her former countrymen by storm," the article argued. "I'm honored, but it is not my life," she told TIME last week. "I love being an American, and representing the U.S. is the greatest job I could ever have in my life." Not exactly a denial. —*By Ann Blackman/Washington*

Madeleine Albright

KOSOVO CRISIS

The U.S. Muscles Up

THE WHITE HOUSE HAS BEEN REVVING UP the rhetoric to unnerve Yugoslav strongman **SLOBODAN MILOSEVIC,** letting it be known that NATO could issue orders for air strikes as early as this week if his security forces don't halt their rampage in the rebellious province of Kosovo. The weapons are ready: 44 Air Force F-16 fighter-bombers are on a runway in northern Italy, and deployed in the Mediterranean is the aircraft carrier U.S.S. *Dwight D. Eisenhower*, plus eight warships and subs packed with Tomahawk cruise missiles. But Milosevic has played cat and mouse with the West for many years. He's halted his offensive in much of Kosovo, perhaps, say U.S. officials, because he believes he has wiped out enough of the Albanian guerrilla network

Serb police advance

for this year and his army doesn't want to keep figl ing when the snows fall. If Mi sevic scales back his attack, it will harder for the White House to keep NATO allies on board for mil tary action. Ever senior Pentagon officials wonder privately what air strikes would accomplish now. "Winter would've stopped the anyway," an Army officer says of the Yug slav forces. "All we can do is speed up t process by a couple of weeks, after mont of doing nothing." —*By Mark Thomp and Douglas Waller/Washington*

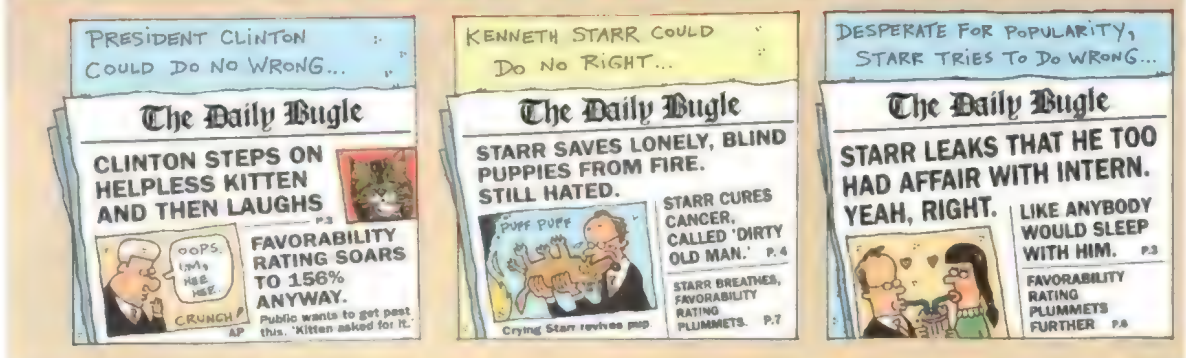
WASHINGTON

Bowles Bids Adieu

FROM THE MOMENT HE BECAME WHITE House chief of staff, **ERSKINE BOWLES** has had his eye on the exit. This week he expects finally to depart for home and maybe a political career in North Carolina. "As soon as Congress is gone, he's gone," says a White House official. Bowles, credited with bringing order to a chaotic operation and setting a less partisan tone with Republicans, wanted to leave last January, but **PRESIDENT CLINTON** implored him to stay. The decision is probably one Bowles has at times regretted: only days ter he announced that he would stay, the Lewinsky scandal broke. Although Bowl has pointedly kept himself out of that cri sis—last month he said that until the mat reached Congress, "I hadn't spent two m utes a week on it"—the problem has consumed a year that Bowles had hoped wo be spent consolidating the Administratic accomplishments. Because Bowles had neither the inclination nor the temperament for scandal control, that job fell to Bowles' deputy, **JOHN PODESTA,** who is the leading contender for Bowles' post—which says a lot about what the Presider expects will dominate his remaining tim in office. —*By Karen Tumulty/Washin*

Erskine Bowles

THE DRAWING BOARD



Cartoon by Don Asmussen for TIME

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Girlfriend! The Wit and Wisdom of Linda Tripp

"I ALMOST CALLED YOU MOM," MONICA Lewinsky blurted to her so-called friend Linda Tripp, speaking clearly into a bugged phone line. In the girl-talk transcripts released last week, Linda's advice, feints and thrusts have a certain eloquence. For example, describing the epic in which she and Lewinsky are embroiled: "Whew, this is a weird movie." How could one not be affected? More examples of Tripp's wisdom—and tactics.

TRUST ME

Tripp: The beauty of [the affair] is it has stayed internal, and it will never taint you down the road … I mean you will not suffer beyond the normal regret … That won't go anywhere else …

WHAT TAPE RECORDER?

Lewinsky *(on the phone)*: You know what's really weird? I keep hearing these double clicks.
T: That's my gum.
L: Oh, O.K.

THE EXECUTIVE BRANCH

T: He could have a medical examination.
L: He did.
T: Well, maybe they measured it.
L: Well, they'd have to … measure it erect. I mean, like, oh my God.
T: … Did Gennifer Flowers ever specify the size …
L: No, she just said …
T: [REDACTED]
L: [REDACTED]
T: [REDACTED]

RULE OF THUMB

T: *(on Clinton)* He's afraid … Self-preservation is everything.

DENNIS COOK—AP

AND WHO TAUGHT YOU THAT?

T: What is the definition of sex?
L: Intercourse. I never had intercourse. I did not have a sexual relationship.

I KNOW THESE THINGS

T: And do I believe he harassed [former White House volunteer Kathleen Willey]? Of course not. I mean in the true sense of the world, the word, of course not. Do I think he kissed her? Yeah … It's hard to fake beard burn.

TRUST ME SOME MORE

T: Oh, Monica, Monica, Monica, I know you can't see it now, but I promise you a year from now, when you look back on this, you will have a much, much healthier perspective, and you will be so glad you got the [REDACTED] outta here.

ROBERTO BOREA—AP

WELL, I NEVER …

T: You're—You're so good at it. No wonder he likes phone sex with you … You're just like a little Marilyn Monroe vixen. I—I would—I, I, I know, in my wildest dreams, I could never have phone sex.
L: Oh, yes, you could.

TRY CRASHING

T: The other thing is, do you want to go to one of those Christmas parties [where Clinton will be present]?
L: I don't know.
T: Because you could probably work an invitation at the very least … I mean, you could take your mom.
L: My mom would vomit if she saw him … I think she'd smack him …
T: It would freak him out, wouldn't it?

YOU SAID WHAT?

L: You know what I said at the end [of a phone call with Clinton]?
T: What?
L: … What's the worst thing I could say?
T: "Do you love me?"
L: No.
T: "I love you."
L: Yep.
T: You didn't.
L: I did. We're getting off, and I'm like, all right, "I love you, butthead." I called him butthead.
T: You didn't.
L: … I was like, oh my God, what the hell just came out of my mouth …
T: Butthead.
L: Butthead.

CONTEST CORNER

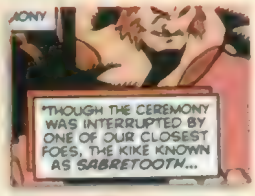
A WINNER! *In Contest #3 readers had to imagine the composition Bill Clinton wrote on how he spent his summer vacation. John Capanna of Pasadena, Calif., won:*

"Mark Twain wrote that the coldest winter he ever spent was one summer in San Francisco. He never went to Martha's Vineyard with Hillary. Between the emotional tension and the almost constant pain I've inflicted on myself from biting my lower lip, this has not been a restful summer. I used to find solace in a good cigar, but no longer. I know that I was supposed to keep this essay to 50 words or less, and technically I have, by using my own definition of 50."

ANNOUNCING NOTEBOOK CONTEST #4 Crossover is in vogue. Characters from *Ally McBeal* appear on *The Practice*, cops from *Law & Order* show up on *Homicide*. Your challenge: imagine a wild, wonderful crossover between two shows. E-mail your entry to *Letters@time.com*, or fax it to 212-467-1010, or mail it to TIME Notebook Contest #4, Room 2321B, Time & Life Building, N.Y., N.Y. 10020.

RANDY HOLMES—ABC

VILLAINS



SHAZ-OOPS! Does evil lurk in the hearts of men? Someone inserted the anti-Semitic slur "kike" in the new issue of *Wolverine*. "Human error" was blamed.

Linda begged Steve to log off the Internet for a day.

"How about we see the world in person this afternoon?" she challenged.

And before you could say "download," their Ford Expedition

took them to places so unreal and so far out there, Steve thought,

"Hey, the information superhighway is for wimps."

New Ford Expedition

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Prophet of the Year

BABE RUTH WAS A PRETTY GOOD HOME-run hitter in his day. However, the Babe was no Mark McGwire. Only one thing stands between the slugger and 62 home runs: at bats ... If healthy, the new McGwire isn't a 50-homer man. In this age of juiced balls, handkerchief-size strike zones, band-box parks, expansion-diluted pitching and religious weight lifting, McGwire could hit 70 home runs."

—Sportswriter Thomas Boswell, in* Inside Sports *magazine in 1996

Everything You Wanted to Know About Prostitutes...

FROM TOP: EVERETT COLLECTION (2); JOHN CLIFFORD—MIRAMAX

AH, TO BE AMONG THE first to recognize the significance of a new theme in a great artist's work! Imagine the thrill of realizing what death meant for Bergman or alienation for Antonioni. Well, lately a new theme has emerged in the films of Woody Allen: prostitution. Working girls have figured prominently in three of his recent movies: Mira Sorvino's squeaky call girl in *Mighty Aphrodite*, the outrageous Hazelle Goodman in *Deconstructing Harry*, and the instructive Bebe Neuwirth in *Celebrity*.

CLOCKWISE: ELAINE THOMPSON—AP; AP; ERIC GAY—AP

NEWS QUIZ

1 ***When the Makah Indians began the first legal whaling expedition in the U.S. in 50 years, animal-rights protesters did all but which of the following:***

a) followed them with a submarine painted like a whale with underground speakers to scare whales away
b) held a vigil
c) tried to convince them that whale meat is bitter and kind of stringy

2 ***Mike McCurry, the cuddly, lovable, impish Clinton press secretary, left his job on Friday. Who is his replacement?***

a) Joe Lockhart **b)** Barry Toiv
c) Ronald Ziegler **d)** Bob Guccione

3 ***UPN aired the premiere of* The Secret History of Desmond Pfeiffer, *a sitcom about Abe Lincoln's fictional black butler, causing***

a) a national debate on slavery
b) the N.A.A.C.P. to protest the show
c) people to wonder who's green lighting projects for UPN

4 ***Florida Marlins manager Jim Leyland quit his job last Friday because of***

a) the owners having traded away all the good players
b) ugly feuds with his players
c) the humidity

5 ***Math Problem: Bill Clinton offered Paula Jones $700,000 to settle her sexual-harassment suit. Paula recently got a nose job. If she accepts the settlement, what combination of plastic surgery and automobile can Paula afford?***

a) breast enlargement and a Bentley
b) liposuction and a Rolls-Royce
c) eye tuck, stomach staple and a Testarossa
d) all of the above

6 ***Roseanne offered Monica Lewinsky an amount "seven figures times two or three" to appear on her show. What kind of number is that, per Roseanne's math?***

a) $10 trillion to $100 quintillion (between 14 and 21 figures)
b) $2 million to $3 million
c) Roseanne has no concept whatsoever of basic mathematics

7 ***The G-7 will meet this weekend to discuss the world financial crisis. Which of the following is not in the G-7?***

a) Canada **b)** Italy **c)** Burkina Faso

8 ***Which of the following is not a member of the rap group Wu Tang Clan?***

a) Method Man
b) Ghostface Kila
c) Burkina Faso

Answers: 1.c 2.a 3.b 4.a 5.d 6.b 7.c 8.c

60 SECOND SYMPOSIUM

It was a great season for assaults on seemingly unbreakable records. We asked top sports-stats mavens to tell us which baseball records are mathematically least likely to be broken.

Carl Morris, statistics professor, Harvard: Joe DiMaggio's 56-game hitting streak and Mark McGwire's record of one homer per 7.27 at bats will last well into the next century. The best home-run hitters, playing in Colorado, might hit more than 70. But McGwire hit his 70 in just 509 at bats, with 33% more homers per at bat than Sammy Sosa and 17% more than Ruth's previous major league record.

NATIONAL BASEBALL HALL OF FAME

Joe DiMaggio

Tom Cover, professor, Stanford: Ted Williams would have generated 19.62 runs per game in 1941 if he had batted in all nine places in the lineup. Babe Ruth would have generated 19.13 runs per game in 1923, but no modern player is close. McGwire is consistently around 13, and Sosa is 8.3 this year.

DETROIT NEWS

Ty Cobb

Jay Bennett of Bellcore, sports statistician: Ty Cobb's 50 career steals of home and Cy Young's 511 wins will probably never be reached without a major shift in the nature of the game. Also in this category is Nolan Ryan's 5,714 strikeouts. Schilling, Clemens and Johnson have virtually no chance to break this record. On the other hand, Hank Aaron's 755-HR record is within reach of several current sluggers.

MILESTONES

AILING. DARRYL STRAWBERRY, 36, former high-living New York Mets fence buster turned born-again New York Yankees slugger; with colon cancer.

CLIFF SCHIAPPA—AP

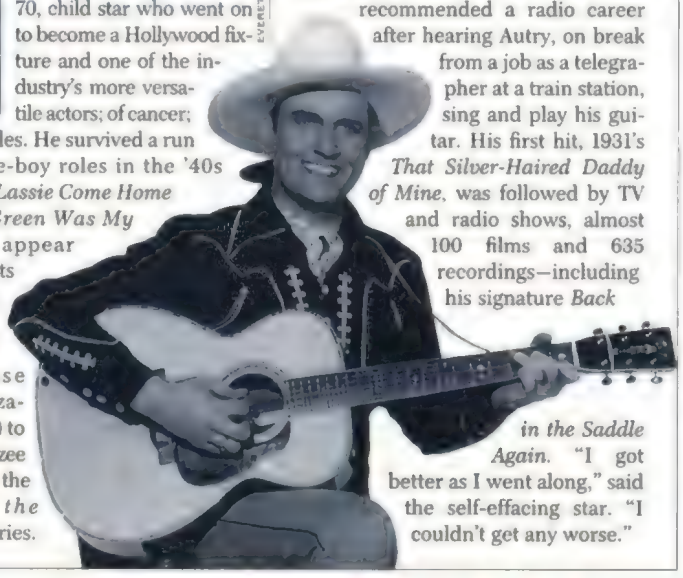
DIED. DAN QUISENBERRY, 45, relief pitcher for the Kansas City Royals whose wit was as devastating as his sinkerball; of brain cancer; in Kansas City, Mo. Confounding batters with his underhand pitches, Quisenberry was a three-time All-Star who led the American League in saves from 1980 through 1985.

SCOTT OF AP

DIED. RODDY MCDOWALL, 70, child star who went on to become a Hollywood fixture and one of the industry's more versatile actors; of cancer; in Los Angeles. He survived a run of sensitive-boy roles in the '40s (including *Lassie Come Home* and *How Green Was My Valley*) to appear in adult parts ranging from Octavian in *Cleopatra* (with close friend Elizabeth Taylor) to the chimpanzee Cornelius in the *Planet of the Apes* film series.

DIED. TOM BRADLEY, 80, quietly commanding five-term former mayor of the nation's second largest city; in Los Angeles. First elected in 1973, Bradley, a former police officer, became Los Angeles' first black mayor, triumphing with such projects as the 1984 Olympic Games but faltering in the aftermath of the 1992 riots (*see* Eulogy, *below*).

DIED. GENE AUTRY, 91, Hollywood's first singing cowboy; in Los Angeles. The Texas-born, Oklahoma-raised crooner planned to play baseball (he later settled for owning the California Angels). Instead he entered show business, heeding the advice of Will Rogers, who recommended a radio career after hearing Autry, on break from a job as a telegrapher at a train station, sing and play his guitar. His first hit, 1931's *That Silver-Haired Daddy of Mine*, was followed by TV and radio shows, almost 100 films and 635 recordings—including his signature *Back in the Saddle Again*. "I got better as I went along," said the self-effacing star. "I couldn't get any worse."



EVERETT COLLECTION

NUMBERS

$70 billion Amount Clinton announced as this year's budget surplus, the first surplus since 1969

$80 billion Amount of tax cuts currently proposed by Republicans

$50 million Estimated amount Pentagon plans to spend on Viagra for troops and retirees in the coming year

45 Tomahawk cruise missiles one could buy for that amount

70 Home runs hit by Mark McGwire in 1998

5 Yards the St. Louis Rams football team were penalized for the excessive noise their fans made when cheering McGwire's 70th clout, which took place several blocks away

$53.4 million Cost of Bill Gates' new mansion

$25,025 Highest bid so far at Microsoft's charity campaign to win a tour of the mansion. Visit includes refreshments and quality time with Bill

$10.4 million Amount the company hopes to raise for charity

BOB HAMBLY FOR TIME

Sources: New York Times, Associated Press

EULOGY

California has lost a state treasure, and I have lost a mentor and friend. As mayor of Los Angeles, **TOM BRADLEY** was a healer of social divisions and a visionary who shepherded the transformation of an unruly town into a great city. The grandson of slaves, the son of Texas sharecroppers, he broke through racial barriers because there was simply no surrender in him. He bore the abuse that was the price of his success with a majestic dignity that even his most vicious detractors could never crack. Although he never courted the press, and was often criticized by it for his stoic public demeanor, he was one of the ablest politicians I have ever known.

ROGER SANDLER

He understood that the test of political genius lies in the hard work of building constituencies and forging them into sustainable electoral majorities—something he did quietly but with dazzling results. When many of us who were first elected at the same time as he were adopting the bravado of Young Turks while trying frantically to figure out how the process worked, Tom came to public office fully prepared to govern. His accomplishments made him the standard to which all California mayors must aspire. We will miss him, I suspect, in more ways than we can now comprehend.

—WILLIE LEWIS BROWN JR., mayor of San Francisco

By Harriet Barovick, Tom M. Gray, Daniel S. Levy, Lisa Lofaro, Michele L. Orecklin, Alain L. Sanders and Joel Stein

ON THE FAST TRACK TO IMPEACH

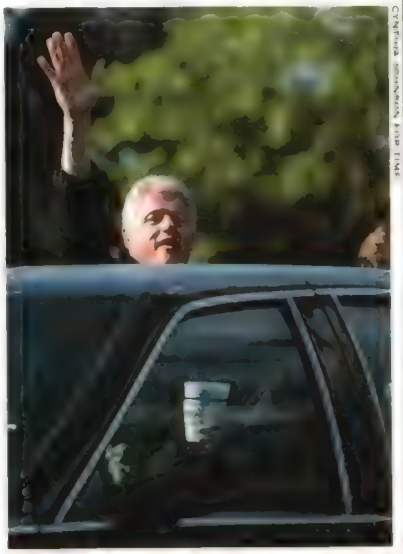
The public wants the scandal to end, but Gingrich cannot afford to cut a deal just yet. He's got to please the faithful and settle some scores

BY KAREN TUMULTY WASHINGTON

DEPENDING ON HOW YOU VIEW the past nine months, the vote this week that is expected to set into motion the third presidential-impeachment inquiry in the history of the Republic is either a public travesty or a national reckoning long overdue. But if the process is political, the politics are personal. Bill Clinton and Newt Gingrich, two large-living, big-talking, history-obsessed prisoners of their own appetites, have always been their own worst enemy and each other's salvation. Clinton's ideological overreaching helped put Gingrich in the Speaker's chair; Gingrich's arrogance and petulance handed Clinton his re-election. The lesson for both: it takes a deft touch to set the right trap; but if you do, the other one will stumble right into it.

So it was that last week found Gingrich preaching statesmanship as he stumped for Republican candidates in Dayton and Cleveland, Ohio. "We must not rush to judgment," said the man who has already branded Clinton a misogynist and accused the President and his party of "the most systematic, deliberate obstruction of justice, cover-up and effort to avoid the truth that we have ever seen in American history." But while Gingrich talked about going slowly, the House was picking up its pace toward this week's vote. And as a G.O.P. strategist worried: "Once you set up an inquiry, how do you stop it?"

Those close to Gingrich say that's precisely the question he is considering privately, even though last week he resisted appeals by Democrats—and quiet entreaties by some in his own party—to limit the scope and the length of the inquiry. While the Republican faithful are still eager to have Clinton's hide at any cost, the message coming through loudest in the polls is that the public at large is thoroughly sick of the scandal. "He's going to have to make a case why this has to go on ad nauseam—and ad nauseam is a good way to put it," a White House official said of the bind Gingrich faces. "I don't think anyone is going to want to have a holiday season spoiled by this subject."



THE SPARRING PARTNERS

Clinton and Gingrich are each other's worst enemy; political missteps by one have often been the salvation of the other

And for what? Most Republicans now concede that any effort to unseat Clinton will almost certainly fail, barring a Republican landslide in the November midterm election or some unforeseen bombshell from independent counsel Ken Starr. Even if the House votes articles of impeachment against the President, and even if the Republicans pick up as many as five seats in the Senate this fall, they will still be seven short of what the Senate needs to convict Clinton and remove him from office. "Do the math," says a Republican Senate aide. "Clinton may have to go through the disgrace of articles, but he knows he'll win."

Nor would Republicans necessarily wish otherwise—particularly since the three words they fear most are President Al Gore. Clinton's ouster would bestow on the Vice President the advantage of running in 2000 as an incumbent, and as the man who helped the nation get over Monica. But in the shadow of a scandal-prone President, Gore is suffering in comparison with the most talked-about possible Republican contender. Polls show that if the 2000 election were held today, Texas Governor George W. Bush would handily beat Gore; a year ago, the same surveys had Gore ahead. "The optimum scenario for Republicans is a diminished Bill Clinton hobbling through the next two years," said a Republican strategist.

But that's the long game. For now, those close to Gingrich insist, he has no choice but to continue on the treacherous course that has been set. He is boxed in between two opposing forces: majority public opinion and the 100 or so most conservative members of his party in the House, the very lawmakers to whom he owes his speakership. "To the solid core of Republi-

cans who have hated Clinton since Day One, to back off now would be heresy," says a top G.O.P. lobbyist. "It would also destroy Gingrich's political ambitions." And in a year when voter turnout is expected to be lower than ever, the party's chances for capturing 20 or more seats in the House, as well as three to five seats in the Senate and nearly as many statehouses, depend on the very group of voters who are most eager to see impeachment through. For Gingrich too there is a practical reason for waiting. Starr could still have damaging material that he has yet to release, so why take the chance of letting the President off the hook?

So Gingrich waits, partly because he wants to, but mostly because he has to, at least until after the election. That's when cutting a deal might start to make sense for him and even for the other side: Gingrich can stop worrying about galvanizing his base, and if he picks up a less-than-expected number of seats—say, only five or six—some in the party can argue it's a message to find a way out of the Lewinsky mess. As for the Democrats, if they lose big, they can go to Clinton with this appeal: "Here are the Democrats who died for you. It's time to sign on the dotted line."

Until then, Gingrich's lieutenants in Congress are moving to quiet the Democrats' cries of unfairness. Last week they reversed themselves to let the Democrats review documents Starr did not submit to Congress; they gave the Democrats subpoena power and, in hopes of calming everyone's nerves, pledged to press Starr for some indication of what he has left to deliver. Said Henry Hyde, the chairman of the House Judiciary Committee: "I am doing everything but one-armed pushups to be fair, and I would do those if I could."

Even in this highly polarized environ-

ment, as the Republican House prepares to take on a Democratic President, there are some glimmers of détente. Four moderate members of the Judiciary Committee—Democrats William Delahunt and Howard Berman, and Republicans Asa Hutchinson and Lindsey Graham—are holding quiet meetings. From their talks may come the coalition that might devise a way out for everyone.

For now, the immediate question is, How many Democrats in the full House will vote to begin the inquiry? G.O.P. strategists concede that if counts by midweek do not demonstrate enough Democratic support to make a plausible show of bipartisanship, they may have to put time limits on the inquiry and limit its scope to the Lewinsky matter. Sources tell TIME that Hyde last week was also considering announcing that his hearings would be completed by Christmas.

Republicans know that at a minimum they must appear reasonable. The spectacle of a meanspirited or obsessive drive against the President could send more Democrats to the polls and, in a broader sense, make an above-the-fray Clinton more popular as he benefits from a sympathy surge. But it remains to be seen whether Gingrich can manage a strategy that requires patience and restraint—traits not always evident in a Speaker who once cited his pique over having to exit Air Force One through the rear door as a reason for shutting down the government.

When it comes to scandal, Gingrich's instinct has always been for the jugular. He rose to power on the disgrace he brought to those he deemed corrupt, starting with his first year in Congress when he sought the expulsion from the House of Charles Diggs, a Democrat convicted of financial misdeeds, and culminating with his successful campaign in 1989 to force Speaker Jim Wright's resignation.

As GINGRICH CONSIDERS WHAT constitutes fair treatment in Clinton's case, he also has a personal score to settle with the President. Friends and allies say he blames Clinton for the Democrats' 1996 ad campaign painting Gingrich as an extremist and making him more vulnerable to the subsequent congressional investigation into his ethics. (For making political use of a tax-exempt organization, Gingrich became the first Speaker in history to be punished by the House; he was forced to pay a $300,000 fine.) Meeting with Democratic leaders the day the Starr report arrived on Capitol Hill, Gingrich could not resist rehashing how unfairly he thought he had been treated. He had done more for President Clinton in this scandal, he said bitterly, than anyone from the Democratic Party had done for him.

One could argue that he has helped the White House most effectively by making himself a galvanizing force for the Democrats. And the Democrats were at it again last week: James Carville—the supposedly free-lance strategist who consults almost daily with the White House—announced he was declaring war on the Speaker. While the wiser strategy would have been to ignore Carville, the Republican high command took the bait, engaging in several days of name calling that once again focused attention on Gingrich and the question of whether the country's most unpopular elected official is calling the shots for Judiciary chairman Hyde.

But the Clinton team has its own penchant for miscalculation, particularly when things start going well. As a team member put it: "There's always the danger that we will screw it up the way we normally do, by overplaying our hand and getting too feisty." Carville's assault raised hackles among Democrats in Congress, who do not see much advantage in alienating the very Republicans with whom they may ultimately need to cut a deal. And last week saw the White House disavowing a plan to raise millions for a pro-Clinton advertising campaign at a time when all Democratic dollars are needed to elect candidates.

As the impeachment combat begins, the challenge for Clinton and Gingrich will be to avoid each other's traps—and their own. Because if their past as sparring partners offers any lesson, it's that they need each other to survive. *—With reporting by John F. Dickerson, Michael Duffy and Michael Weisskopf/Washington*

A COALITION FOR COMPROMISE Four House members are talking; it's a start

PAT NOLAN FOR TIME

ASA HUTCHINSON
The former U.S. Attorney has worked with Democrats to draft legislation on campaign finance

HOWARD BERMAN
Once a union lawyer, he is the only veteran in the group with close ties to chairman Hyde

WILLIAM DELAHUNT
The 20-year Massachusetts prosecutor wins praise from his colleagues for evenhandedness

LINDSEY GRAHAM
A onetime Air Force lawyer, he wants to "set the bar for impeachment high"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A NICE GUY IN A NASTY FIGHT

A man of courtliness and character, Henry Hyde must above all show that the Republicans are fair

By JOHN F. DICKERSON WASHINGTON

PORTRAIT UNVEILINGS TEND TO BE dramatic, brass-band ceremonies held to mark the end of great political careers. So it was a bit odd that a 5-ft.-tall oil painting of Henry Hyde was unveiled two weeks ago in a ceremony off limits to the press—and just as Hyde was facing the defining test of his 40 years in politics. More than 200 people—friends, family and constituents—applauded the presentation of the image: the hulking House Judiciary Committee chairman standing between his "Turkish" leather chair and a bust of Lincoln. The likeness hangs in the committee hearing room next to a portrait of Watergate legend Peter Rodino, the New Jersey Democrat who quieted doubters with his steady leadership during the Nixon impeachment proceedings. Now Hyde must pull off much the same feat. When he rose to speak, he seemed aware of the challenge he faces. "I came here thinking I could change the world," said the white-haired Illinois Republican. "Now my only ambition is to leave the room with dignity."

Work is under way on the only Hyde portrait that really matters. When the Judiciary Committee meets this week to launch the third inquiry into the impeachment of a President in the nation's history, partisan members will bicker and spit—but Hyde's performance will go a long way toward either reassuring people that the process is orderly and rational or convincing them that it is a witch hunt. "If I were to fail," he told TIME last week, "it would negate everything I have done before." And even those who know him best wonder which Henry Hyde it is that Americans will meet in the coming days: the man who Commerce Secretary William Daley, a Democrat, says exhibits "exemplary character and the highest personal integrity"? Or the Cook County Republican precinct captain carrying out the orders of the man behind the scenes, Newt Gingrich?

Already the 74-year-old widower has aced one test that no one expected him to face: the online magazine *Salon* reported three weeks ago that Hyde had an extramarital affair 30 years ago. That revelation "hurt him tremendously," says Congressman David Dreier of California, Hyde's friend and sometime movie companion. What Hyde felt was not so much personal embarrassment, say friends, as insult to his four children and his wife of 45 years, whom he still mourns since her death six years ago. Yet Hyde admitted the affair with a speed and self-effacement that set the standard for such things. The performance cemented the notion that Hyde is the best—maybe only—asset the Republicans have at the moment: a man who looks, and is, sound and fair, even as he oversees a panel whose members are not all known for those qualities.

The most important thing to realize about Hyde is that he is one of the last of a generation of Congress members who relied on manners to get things done. These days the typical Republican lawmaker is young, brash and in a hurry. Hyde is none of those things. In a House where new members seem to get pancake makeup issued to them at freshman orientation, Hyde sometimes has to be pushed to go on camera. He whispers when he wants to emphasize a point. He speaks in annotations rather than sound bites. His eyes twinkle not when he counts votes but when he quotes Edmund Burke or winds through the story of George Washington quelling a mutiny at Newburgh, N.Y. He was so taken with the portrayal of John Quincy Adams in the movie *Amistad* that he sent away for the script; he memorized pas-

MARK GODFREY MAGNUM

ALL IN THE FAMILY

The chairman chows down in 1977. He still mourns the death of his wife six years ago

KARIN COOPER—GAMMA-LIAISON FOR TIME

sages about "the very nature of man" and uses them in speeches denouncing partial-birth abortion. "Henry is haunted by the ghosts of this place," says Lindsey Graham, a Republican member of the Judiciary Committee. "He feels as if all those who have come before him are looking at him and saying, 'Don't let us down.' "

Hyde's Old World courtliness has allowed him to pull off the remarkable trick of holding some of the most ideologically rigid views in Congress while maintaining a reputation for restraint. He crafted the famous Hyde amendment—six lines he hastily scribbled on legal paper in 1976 that deny low-income women federal funds for abortions. He was a robust supporter of Oliver North during the Iran-*contra* affair, and he led the calls for an independent counsel to look into Bill Clinton's 1996 fund-raising practices. But opponents speak of him with respect. Says Kate Michelman, president of the National Abortion and Reproductive Rights Action League: "He has been a fierce opponent of a woman's right to choose, but he is also a man of sincere convictions. I think his reputation as a statesman is a fair one and one that he's earned. He is honorable."

He has sometimes been flexible as well. In 1981 California Congressman Don Edwards went with Hyde on a tour of polling places in Texas and Alabama that eased Hyde's knee-jerk opposition to preserving the Voting Rights Act. After listening to men and women describe having had to walk 50 miles to vote only to have the doors shut on them by local sheriffs, Hyde changed his position. "We were coming back home on the plane," remembers Edwards. "And he said, 'We've got to change this.' He started out very conservative and then had a total awakening." Hyde has also famously bucked Republican orthodoxy on term limits, the Family Leave Act and gun control. His support for the ban on assault weapons in 1994 is credited with saving the measure. "The assault weapons have no other purpose than to kill a lot of people in a hurry," said Hyde, whose stance even tipped the opinion of his party leader, Bob Michel.

Republicans are counting on Hyde's good sense to bolster their credibility in news cycle after news cycle. Until now, neither Hyde nor the Young Turks have had much use for each other. "He does feel as if he has been saddled with a bunch of yahoos," says an old friend. "It's hard to be a serious gentleman and have this crowd around you." But while Hyde is wary of revolutionaries who want to tear down the institutions he reveres, he recognizes that "they turned the lights on." He would still be in the minority and without a chairmanship were it not for the zealous Gingrich. "I served in this House many long years in the minority," he says. "And we were told that we were in the minority, and we were treated as a minority." As a sign of gratitude to Gingrich, Hyde zipped the Contract with America through his committee—even the portions he didn't like.

Now the same rebels are nudging Hyde out front, to put a kinder face on the brutal process about to get under way. "You're going to be seeing a lot more of Henry Hyde," says a Gingrich aide. Hyde cringes when Gingrich storms the stage. The Speaker, says Hyde wryly, "is not averse to expressing his strong views, which he does intermittently, in between spells of 'Leave it all to Henry.' " And Hyde is not shy about standing up to Gingrich. When he aired plans last spring to put Hyde in charge of a select committee to handle impeachment questions, Hyde resisted, threatening not to serve on the hybrid creation and demanding that Judiciary be allowed to play its historic role. Gingrich had little choice but to accommodate him.

Hyde's stubbornness and common sense spring partly from his hometown. His suburban Chicago district is just a few miles from the Howard Street apartment where he grew up. One flight up from a saloon, the flat was all the family could afford during the Depression, as his father barely held on to his job collecting nickels from pay phones. His parents were Democrats by default. "If you lived in Chicago in the '30s, you were a Democrat," says longtime friend Philip Corboy. The stronger influence in Hyde's life was Catholicism. Coaxed by his mother, he attended St. George, a Catholic high school run by the Christian Brothers, who, Hyde says, "did not eschew corporal punishment when called for, which was often." As a 6-ft. 1-in. eighth-grader, Hyde was a presence in the hallways for more reasons than just his talent for magic tricks. "He was always a raconteur," remembers Corboy. "He talked like an adult when he was a kid."

Hyde's build made him a natural for center on the school basketball team and landed him an athletic scholarship to Jesuit-run Georgetown University, 22 years before Bill Clinton arrived there from Arkansas. Friends learned then not to think Hyde's usual civility meant he lacked a fighting spirit. Corboy recalls Hyde getting mad at him during a game of two-on-two basketball. Says Corboy: "He threw the ball either at me or against the wall in an expression of complete rage. I said, 'It's only a basketball game.' And he replied, 'What else is there?' " *—With reporting by Wendy Cole/Chicago and Elaine Shannon/Washington*

SITTING IN JUDGMENT

After 40 years in politics, Hyde says this is "the capstone of my career"

Margaret Carlson

The Unreachable Starr

The host of the most unprivate of parties remains a mystery himself

ONCE A WEEK NOW, IT SEEMS, THE COUNTRY HAS THE Bickersons over for dinner. They're not good guests, they fight too much, pick at each other's weak spots, and talk as if they're being recorded. But it's a command appearance, and apparently endlessly entertaining to their mysterious host, Kenneth Starr. Everyone shows up: Monica with her real mom Marcia and her surrogate mom Linda. There's kindly Betty Currie and powerful Vernon Jordan. There are the meanies who want a Monica-Free Zone in the White House and the Secret Service source who hinted that Monica was not alone; Clinton may have had six Oval Office affairs.

Although there's a little new dirt dished with each successive document dump, the guests remain true to character, such as it is, with some texture added. There's lots of texture in the latest data dump. For example, Linda Tripp, as far back as 1994, was the employee from hell. Her new supervisor at the Pentagon wrote a memo noting how disruptive her "best defense is a good offense" tactic was; how she complained about her duties, her office, her parking space; how she was nasty to her co-workers and sent out a constant barrage of e-mail. Despite a starting salary of $69,427, she wouldn't work a minute after 5 p.m. when she learned professional staff weren't paid overtime.

RICHARD ELLIS—SYGMA FOR TIME

And why would a fortysomething like Linda tolerate the prattle of a twentysomething as banal and needy as Monica? Well, they were both fat girls with hair and work problems, and Tripp liked hearing awful things about Clinton, whom she despised and wanted to write a book about. By turns manipulative and sympathetic to the heartbroken Lewinsky, Tripp at one point wants to kick certain presidential body parts and "flatten [them] into little pancakes so he can never use them again." She presses Monica to hold out for "a kick-ass job." She slams Currie for her "sheer stupidity" in not helping Monica to see more of Handsome, who, by the way, tells Monica he doesn't think of himself that way but looks in the mirror and sees "a fat little kid who couldn't throw a ball straight." Predictably dysfunctional as surrogate mom, Tripp doesn't help Monica's self-esteem, saying of her neglectful paramour, "if he were a completely fulfilled man, you wouldn't exist in his life."

Monica's real mom was no help either. Marcia Lewis was worrying about presidential death squads and—just two days into testimony—crying, "I can't take any more." But reading godmother Betty's testimony is like watching a bad movie during which you are mentally yelling at the victim to lock the door and call the police. Betty, don't let Monica hide in your car to keep the "meanies" from discovering that she's come to see the Big He again. Be a meanie too, Betty. Save the Republic. But here's a twist—another White House employee told her lawyer that Monica claimed to have a "Barbie Doll crush" on White House sex cop and chief meanie Nancy Hernreich and "wanted to have sex with her." Really.

The Secret Service agents may have suspected Monica was up to no good, but all they did was hold her up at the gate for security checks. One labeled her a "hall surfer" and "a cross between a stalker and a 15-year-old chasing a rock star." But their only revenge was to see her sweat. Agent Steve Pape described an occasion when Monica waited for clearance in the heat. "She was sweating," said Pape. "I mean, lots of sweat, on her dress, down her back ... By the time the appointment finally ... was in the system and she went to see the President ... it looked like she went a couple of rounds with Muhammad Ali." Pape, however, did allow a package in from Monica when an X ray revealed no metal or connecting wires. He wasn't worried about a bomb doing the President in, but something far more painful. "It would be something along the lines of Lorena Bobbitt, if she was going to hurt [Clinton], and that I couldn't stop."

Meanwhile, the interrogators are like the optimistic little boy looking for the pony in a barnful of manure. They are so sure that where there's sex there must be a sofa that they ask witnesses to inventory the furniture in the presidential study. White House chief of staff Erskine Bowles provides comic relief when he makes his appearance. "Good morning, Mr. Bowles," says his interrogator. "I believe you have a device that you would like to inflate?" No, it wasn't a blowup doll; it was a pillow. And while the grand jurors wait, Bowles huffs and puffs and then tucks the cushion underneath himself.

What the thousands of pages don't reveal is anything about Starr. He remains the Nowhere Man who demands attendance at these get-togethers but never shows up. He has his deputies to do his dirty work for him—one reason, perhaps, that he was able, until just recently, to keep up a million-dollar law practice. Starr remains in the shadows, except in driveway cameos, often clutching a black trash bag and a Starbucks coffee cup. Coming out on to the White House driveway on the day after he had violated all norms of privacy, he jauntily gave his trademark wave with his patented grin, one that doesn't involve eye movement, carrying himself as if he were President and as if there were a crowd of well-wishers rather than a ravenous camera crew awaiting him, as if he were on some high horse instead of on some low road. "You cannot defile the temple of justice," he has said in explaining his relentless pursuit of Clinton. But Starr did. As much as Clinton stained the dress, Starr stained the country to nail him for it. And his party goes on and on. ■


Glove worn by first baseman Lou Gehrig during his record-breaking streak of 2,130 consecutive games.
Watch worn by Tommy Credidio the day he swam 6 consecutive laps in his neighbor's pool without coming up for air once.
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TIMEX
IRONMAN
Triathlon
With All Day Indiglo
It takes a licking and keeps on ticking.

A Place at the Table

Led by California's Senate hopeful Matt Fong, Asian-American politicians come of age

By ROMESH RATNESAR

IT IS AN INDICATION OF HOW FAR ASIAN Americans have come in politics that John Lim, who is running for U.S. Senator in Oregon, thinks his thick Korean accent is actually an asset with voters. "They love it," he says. "They know I speak with a sincerity about who I am." Lim, 62, immigrated to the U.S. in 1966 and worked odd jobs—janitor, gardener, house painter—before entering the real estate business. In 1990, as a political neophyte, Lim finished second in the Republican gubernatorial primary. Two years later, he won a seat in the state senate. Now Lim has spun his tale into a populist alternative to Democratic incumbent Ron Wyden. "I'm running to set an example—not just for Asians but for all Americans," Lim says. "I want people to say, 'Look at John. He came here as an immigrant without a penny in his pocket, and through hard work and tenacity, he has a chance to be in the next U.S. Senate.' What a story to tell!"

Alas, it will have to be told much more: most analysts think Wyden will be re-elected comfortably. Still, winning the Republican nomination in a state with an Asian population of just 3% was no small feat for Lim. For Asian Americans, it is one of several heartening political breakthroughs that began with the 1996 election of Washington's Gary Locke as the first Asian-American Governor in the continental U.S. Two other national candidacies have boosted Asian visibility this year: in California, Republican Senate candidate Matt Fong, the taciturn state treasurer, has pulled into a dead heat with Democrat Barbara Boxer; and in a hotly contested race for the House seat in Oregon's First Congressional District, Taiwanese-born lawyer David Wu holds a slight lead over Republican Molly Bordonaro. Nationally, the number of elected Asian or Pacific Americans at all levels has grown to 2,000 in 33 states—a 10% increase since 1996.

Nationally, the number of Asian-American elected officials at all levels has grown to 2,000 in 33 states—a 10% INCREASE since 1996

DON RYAN—AP

JOHN LIM
The Republican faces a stiff task in unseating Wyden

AXEL KOESTER—SYGMA FOR TIME

MATT FONG
Fong, pictured here with his wife Paula, is the son of March Fong Eu, who served 20 years as California's secretary of state

STEPHANIE YAO—THE OREGONIAN

DAVID WU
His House race is closely watched by both parties

All of which means that Asian-American representation in the hallways of power has gone from barely noticeable to modestly influential. Despite being the fastest-growing, best-educated and most affluent minority group in America, Asians have traditionally been somewhat diffident when it comes to politics. Nearly two-thirds of Asians in the U.S. are immigrants, many from countries with checkered democratic traditions; most push their kids to become doctors and engineers, not lawmakers. Many saw the 1996 campaign-finance scandal as a Yellow Peril witch-hunt. One Indian aspirant for a House seat in Indiana, R. Nag Nagarajan, lost in the spring primary mainly because, a local Democratic official said, "his name conjures up some Middle East monster." When Lim's wife Grace approached a potential supporter at an Oregon county fair in August, the man told her, "I won't vote for a foreigner."

But that kind of resistance is melting, and Fong's rise is proof. Early this year he looked like a long shot to get out of the Republican primary; now he is poised to become the Senate's first Chinese American from outside Hawaii. He can thank Boxer for that. Already a G.O.P. target for her strident partisanship, Boxer invited still more attacks for her belated criticism of President Bill Clinton's adultery. (Her daughter is married to the First Lady's brother.) In contrast to the vociferous Boxer, Fong, who is pro-choice-in-the-first-trimester, delivers speeches like a CPA explaining tax law. "His biggest advantage," says a G.O.P. strategist, "is that he's not Barbara Boxer."

Another advantage may be his race. Though Asian Americans make up only 6% of the state's registered voters, they could be a deciding factor in a close race with low turnout—if they vote as they did in June's open primary, when Fong took 3 out of 4 Asian voters, many of them "crossover" Democrats motivated more by ethnic pride than ideology. "Asian Americans can only think of themselves as a swing vote in a very close election," says Bruce Cain, a political scientist at the University of California, Berkeley. "But this appears to be that kind of race—a race in which crossover voters could make the difference."

The Asian vote is expected to be 10% of California's electorate by 2000. Nevertheless, it cannot be courted as if it were a single-minded bloc. Says Stewart Kwoh, executive director of the Asian Pacific American Legal Center in Los Angeles: "There hasn't been a stand taken by either the Democrats or the Republicans that has unified Asian Americans behind one party." If Asian-American voters share one thing, it's a predilection toward socially moderate, pro-business pragmatism, which is what Asian-American Democrats like Governor Locke have in common with Asian-American Republicans like Lim and Fong. It is also what makes Asian-American candidates so palatable to non-Asian voters. "Traditionally," Cain says, "they've been the most successful of all minority candidates in winning white votes." So win or lose, Fong's candidacy will probably be a bellwether. Says Howard University law professor Frank H. Wu: "Asian Americans don't want just to be photographed with people with influence. They want to *be* the people with influence. They want a seat at the table." Now the parties just have to make room. —*With reporting by David S. Jackson/Los Angeles*

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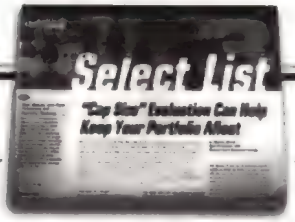

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CHAN
OF THE

KINDRED MINDS
Jordan's Crown Prince Hassan, left, already sits in for his ailing brother King Hussein

THE CLOCK IS TICKING IN THIS PART of the world. Without continuous progress, the peace process falls apart. The U.S. is busy trying to nudge Israel and the Palestinians into implementing a long-delayed stage of the Oslo peace pact. Even with a breakthrough "time is really not our friend here," says National Security Adviser Sandy Berger. It's taken 18 months so far to negotiate the transfer of 13% of West Bank land. Now there's little hope the two can settle questions of Jerusalem's status and a future Palestinian state by Oslo's May 4 deadline.


ZAFRIR ABAYOV
PALESTINE Arafat

BILAL HABALIAN—SIPA
SYRIA Assad

Perhaps more fateful, an actuarial deadline looms. As the assassination of Yitzhak Rabin has shown, personalities count in making peace. Today, many Middle East leaders are old or ailing. Arafat, 69, reportedly has Parkinson's disease; Jordan's King Hussein is ill with cancer; Saudi Arabia's King Fahd is enfeebled; and Syria's Hafez Assad, 68, has heart trouble. Princes are set to take over Saudi Arabia and Jordan, but Syria and the Palestinians have no successors. Whoever they are, the concern is that the next generation may not be nimble or strong enough to keep the peace.


ERIC HADJ—SIPA
SAUDI ARABIA Fahd

GING GUARD

AGENCE FRANCE PRESSE

JORDAN

Stepping in for the ailing King is a prince politically similar but very different in style

By **LISA BEYER** AMMAN

THEY BOTH KNOW THAT THE TIME will come when the younger brother will have to step into his older brother's role as King. And they both dread it—Hussein, 62, because it will mean his time on this earth will be over; the younger man, Crown Prince El-Hassan bin Talal, because he will inevitably be compared with his suave, preternaturally charming brother, because he will have lost not just his sibling but his mentor and closest friend, because succeeding as King of Jordan will become a test of the national unity and identity that is virtually synonymous with his brother, the man who built modern Jordan during 46 years on the throne. Most difficult of all, it will mean that Hassan must rule without the kind of utterly trustworthy, self-abnegating second-in-command he has been for his brother. He will have to do it alone.

With Hussein in an American hospital for treatment of lymphoma and not expected to return to the Middle East for at another two more months, despite a good prognosis, Hassan is currently running the country, but in close consultation with the ailing King. In a way, it is a kind of practice run for his succession, although he and the rest of the royal family believe that the King will resume the throne after successful medical treatment. The crown prince is weary of the inevitable comparisons with his charismatic older brother. He acknowledges that he is not as smooth and radiant as Hussein but, he wonders, why should he be? "What are we?" Hassan was recently overheard to ask: "A family of clones?"

They are not that, though the prince has stepped carefully in the King's shadow for the 33 years he has served as official understudy. The two share the same basic political values: moderation, a Western

bent, a fervent embrace of peace. But as individuals, they are more disparate than kindred. While the King is a master of instinct, the prince is a bookish sort. Hussein is patient and given to indirection, Hassan restless, driven and blunt.

The latter qualities may have something to do with a life spent in the second chair. By law, Hussein's heir should have been his eldest son. In the first decade of Hussein's rule, however, his first two sons were considered ineligible because their mother was British. Anxious for an heir apparent, Hussein amended the constitution in 1965 and on Hassan's 18th birthday, named him crown prince. Later Hussein had three more sons, all potential Kings, stirring speculation that the succession remained open. But speaking in August from the U.S., the King declared the matter closed, muting the rumors by again declaring that Hassan will be his successor.

Despite his early call to duty, Hassan, 51, managed to obtain a formidable education. That was a privilege denied Hussein, who was proclaimed King at age 16 after his father Talal, was dethroned because of mental illness. In the absence of Talal—hospitalized in Istanbul, where he died in 1972, Hussein took on a paternal role in the life of Hassan, who was only five when their father departed. Hussein sent Hassan to England's prestigious Harrow School and then to Oxford University's Christ Church College, where he received a B.A. and an M.A. in oriental studies, specializing in Arabic and Hebrew. Hebrew was an unorthodox choice at the time but a farsighted one, given Jordan's 1994 peace treaty with Israel. Hassan also knows English, French, German and Turkish.

After the disastrous Six-Day War in 1967, Hassan took charge of rebuilding Jordan's economy and settling Palestinian refugees. On economic issues, he is passionate and smart. "He likes to call people in to talk about tariff reduction," says a Western diplomat in Amman. "He's fascinated by details, whereas the King's eyes will glaze over." In 1972, Hassan established the Royal Scientific Society, a think tank that has produced some of Jordan's leading economic experts. A proponent of IMF-style adjustments, Hassan currently oversees a program of cautious reform, including price decontrols and bank liberalizations.

Ever since Hussein's previous cancer scare, in 1992, which cost him a kidney, the King has turned over more responsibility to his brother. The palace has worked on showcasing Hassan and improving his aloof image. No longer does the prince approach crowds with his hands behind his back, as he once did. Now, his arms are outstretched in the manner of the King—and a politician. "These days he can glad-hand like the best of them," says the diplomat. But, says a palace official, "the King relates to the people instinctively, while Hassan tries to understand them always through his mind. When Hussein goes into a Bedouin tent, he enters as if he's a member of the family. Hassan goes in as a very polite guest."

Hassan's erudition and braininess can

ALI JARERAH—REUTERS

PRAYER AND DEVOTION Hassan regularly attends the mosque, where worshippers now appeal for his brother's recovery

be handicaps. He is difficult to follow in dialogue, not just because of his high-speed, rumbling delivery but also because of the breadth of his conversational span. He bounces from one subject to another without pause. "You'll never get a superficial sound bite out of him," says an aide. "He immediately goes deep into substance." A longtime associate of Hassan's says he has not once managed to surprise the prince with a piece of news; Hassan has always learned it first, from an aide, the media or the Internet.

A short barrel of a man with a weakness for Big Macs, Hassan pushes himself through rigorous physical exercise. "Maneuvers," his family calls them. He works out in his home gym and plays polo with the army team.

While the King, with his Casanova peal, is wed to his fourth wife, the U born Lisa Halaby, Hassan's personal has been conventional. He met his I istani wife, the energetic Princess Sarv in London when both were 11 and he g her measles. The two have three daugh and a son Rashid, 19, a potential heir to throne. Hassan made time for bedtime ries, reading the girls *The Scarlet Pim nel* before they were school age.

The family lives in the royal compo in Amman in an elegant but relati modest stone house. Like Hussein, haps more so, Hassan avoids ostentat Both brothers do their own driving. Ha is an observant Muslim who attends mosque and frequently cites Kor verses. The Hashemites, descendant the Sharifs of Mecca, base their legitim on their direct lineage to the Pro Muhammad. Hassan's life-style has fa tated amicable relations with the Mu Brotherhood, the most important opp tion faction in Jordan. He was also ins mental in repairing ties with Iran, strai over charges that Tehran was fomen Islamic unrest in Jordan.

The Israelis regard Hassan in same light as his brother—as a relia even warm ally. Like the King, howe he has been scathing at times in his c cisms of the current Israeli governme obstinacy toward the Palestinians. T has made Hassan well liked within Ya Arafat's Palestinian Authority. Periodi ly, the prince has mediated between two sides. Within Jordan, Hassan been viewed with suspicion by the ma ity of the population made up of Pales ian refugees and their descendants. distrust baffles and disturbs the pri but it has lessened over time. Today th are key Palestinians among his c aides.

Hassan likes big ideas. He harps on need for a regional conflict-resolution ter for the Middle East. He compl about the pre-eminence of "politics policy." He lambastes the industrial countries for valuing the oil of the Mi East over its people. He decries "the d cation of leadership" and supports m tocracy, at least so long as it does not flict with royal entitlements. He is al proponent of the slow democratiza process begun by the King. Rece though, he signed into law controve regulations restricting press freedoms.

The prince is famously irritable. St comments earn snide retorts. In 1

"What are we? A family of clones?" —Crown Prince Has

VIRTUAL RULER Crown Prince Abdullah reminds many of the tough desert founder of the House of Saud

CHUCK KENNEDY FOR TIME

when Jordan was debating whether to enter the October War against Israel, an adviser to the King asserted that Jordanian blood must be spilled, to which Hassan replied, "So long as it is not yours, I suppose." Says a senior Jordanian official: "If you disagree with the King, he will never make you feel he is angry. With Hassan, you know he's not happy."

Some of these distinctions are choreographed. Over the years, the King and the prince have developed a deliberately complementary partnership. Hussein plays the role of the beaming, benevolent father, while Hassan is the disciplinarian, even if it makes him unloved. Hussein will receive a delegation of functionaries, clap them on the back and tell them they've done a fine job. Then he'll phone Hassan, complain about their shortcomings and instruct his brother to sort it out.

Hassan doesn't seem to mind the job of royal cleanup man because he is as ambitious for his country as he is for himself. He regards the emerging peace in the Middle East—however flawed—as a green light to proceed apace with building a modern, thriving Jordan. Getting there, he believes, will require a certain belligerence on the part of the leadership. If that makes him not Hussein, it is fine by Hassan. *—With reporting by Jamil Hamad and John F. Stacks/Amman*

SAUDI ARABIA

A forceful Prince takes charge in a country the West counts on for constant support

By DEAN FISCHER and SCOTT MACLEOD

FORGIVE YOURSELF IF YOU DIDN'T know that Crown Prince Abdullah bin Abdul Aziz al Saud spent six days in Washington last week. Apart from Beltway commuters who encountered his 50-car motorcade and a handful of Foggy Bottom specialists, few noticed that Saudi Arabia's virtual ruler had come and gone. The low-profile trip generated scarcely a headline, the way the cautious Saudis prefer it. But this was no ordinary visit. It was the third leg of a monthlong coming-out tour of major world capitals to deliver an important if understated message: after three years of uncertainty in the kingdom, marked by terrorist bombings, plummeting oil prices and the continuing illness of King Fahd, 75, Abdullah is taking charge.

After Fahd's 1995 stroke, the King designated Abdullah as regent, then quickly took back his authority. But while the ailing Fahd officially remains monarch and continues to chair Cabinet meetings when his spirits are up, Abdullah is now running the country's day-to-day affairs, and his succession is unchallenged.

To the surprise of many, he is emerging as a bold and decisive leader, ready to put his stamp on domestic and foreign policies, though he cannot do so without the daily support of Fahd and other senior princes. The result is a change in presentation if not in policy: whereas Fahd has always been cunning and nonconfrontational, Abdullah has built a reputation for bluntness. Says an Arab diplomat in Washington: "Abdullah won't say to an American politician, 'Hey, buddy, let's talk about buying some of your planes,' just to make the guy feel good, with no intention of buying them."

Abdullah is best known at home as a prince of the desert, who has a good handshake, speaks in velvety tones and can be aloof one minute and chuckling the next. Closely resembling the famed founder of modern Saudi Arabia, King Abdul Aziz (generally known as Ibn Saud), he is fond of camel racing and is tolerant toward human frailties. "He will forgive anything but lying," says an intimate. He has a reputation for eschewing the country's endemic corruption; almost alone in the royal household, he forbids his sons to use their connections to profit in business. A devout Muslim, he meets weekly with the religious hierarchy and is popular in the kingdom's Islamic heartland.

If Abdullah's reign endures—and he appears to enjoy excellent health, thanks to sensible eating and regular laps across his palace pool—he may be able to defuse the growing fundamentalist challenge to the

Saudi monarchy, in part by expanding political power beyond the royal family. He is a strong supporter of the appointed Consultative Council, created by Fahd in 1993 to introduce limited public debate. In line with his distaste for corruption, Abdullah has initiated fiscal reforms designed to end the dubious dealings and royal patronage that have been a prime focus of the growing popular discontent. Besides cutting allowances provided to the estimated 6,000 Saudi princes, he has banned influential relatives from scooping up lucrative government contracts without competitive bidding.

In a more startling move while in Washington last week, the Crown Prince met with executives from U.S. oil companies that were driven out two decades ago when the industry was nationalized. Abdullah invited them to return to help develop petroleum resources, a move that would provide new investment in cash-strapped times and bolster Riyadh's strategic ties to Washington.

Abdullah is not without foreign policy experience. Since 1962 he has headed the National Guard, the country's 60,000-strong force of fighters that has relied on American advisers since 1975. Although the Prince had initial reservations in 1990 when the Bush Administration asked to deploy 500,000 troops in the kingdom during the Gulf War, he shows no inclination to kick out the 5,000 who still remain on Saudi soil.

In his meetings with world leaders, Abdullah has been signaling that he intends for his country to play a more assertive foreign role. Saudi Arabia wants to interest itself in the frequently faltering Arab-Israeli peace talks—and not necessarily to the delight of American policymakers. In drafting a joint communiqué two weeks ago, Abdullah insisted on making a symbolic point about Arab rights in Jerusalem.

Earlier this year Abdullah showed similar forthrightness in repairing relations with Iran, poisoned since 1987 when Iranian pilgrims clashed with Saudi police in Mecca and 402 people were killed. He attended an Islamic summit in Tehran last December and recently welcomed former Iranian President Ali Akbar Hashemi Rafsanj to Riyadh.

Such moves have some U.S. officials grumbling that Abdul is anti-American, but Prince is at pains to str his commitment to long-standing Sau American partn ship, and he s ports other U positions in the gion. Although speaks emotion of Iraq's suffer under U.N. sa tions, he places blame where Cl ton does—squar on Saddam Hussein. the eve of his Washing visit, Abdullah took a s that delighted U.S. c cials: he cut Saudi r tions with the fundam talist Taliban rulers Afghanistan, who have en haven to suspected rorist Osama bin Lad The reason, Abdullah plained, was that Tali leader Mullah Mohamn Omar broke three pron es he had made to Riy to expel or extradite the iled Saudi fundament accused by the U.S. of t terminding global terro

Even if they are pl antly impressed by dullah, many in Washi ton will continue to ye for King Fahd. He w monarch who seldom vered in his friends and almost never sp out against the U.S., w Abdullah will more re ily express Arab frus tion with American p cies such as support Israel and the unilat bombing of suspec terrorist facilities. "

der Fahd, we had a 'special relationshi says a Saudi official. "Now we may h 'special differences.'"

Is that a bad thing? "Abdullah will expressing Saudi interests more force ly," says a former U.S. official in Riy "That will be good for Saudi Arabia." bolder approach ends the recent drif the kingdom, it may be a good thing for U.S. too.

ABDULLAH SPEAKS UP

In a rare interview, the Crown Prince gives notice of a more vigorous, blunt, assertive style of leadership

■ On charges that he is anti-American:

Firstly, I am a person who likes to be frank and tell it as it is. We have a saying in our country: "Your friend is the one who tells you the truth, not just who believes you." Secondly, we cannot deviate from the friendship that was initiated by King Abdul Aziz and President Roosevelt. I assure you that I fully appreciate the strong and deep relations that tie our two countries. There is absolutely no difference [between my attitude toward the U.S. and that of King Fahd].

■ On retaining U.S. troops in his country:

Our alliance has always been with justice and international legitimacy and against oppression and aggression. If we stand against foreign aggression, it is imperative that we do not accept aggression from our Arab brethren. If we have to face aggression, regardless of its source, it is incumbent on all, both Arabs and non-Arabs, to stand together to confront it.

■ On the stalemated Arab-Israeli peace process:

The international community and the U.S. in particular have to take a firm position to compel Israel to meet the obligations it signed at the White House.

■ On U.S. policy toward Iraq:

U.S. policy reflects United Nations policy. We hope and demand that Iraq comply fully with all relevant Security Council resolutions for the sanctions to be lifted. We feel the pain of the Iraqi people even more than others do. At the same time, we will not accept the idea of partitioning Iraq.

■ On U.S. policy toward Iran:

I came out [of the Islamic Summit in Tehran in December 1997] with a strong impression of their desire for dialogue and to adopt a different approach. I felt that many of them are looking seriously for better ways to emerge from isolation and open a window through which they can reach out to others.

■ On the slow evolution toward democracy in Saudi Arabia:

The establishment of the Consultative Council and the Basic Law of Governance, with the Provincial Councils, is compatible with our values and conditions in the present time. We see a progression in these steps. But we believe that developing these measures must be achieved whilst preserving the social and moral fabric of our people. Our esteem for our people makes us avoid frivolous experimentation with social and political systems that do not emanate from our values and experiences.

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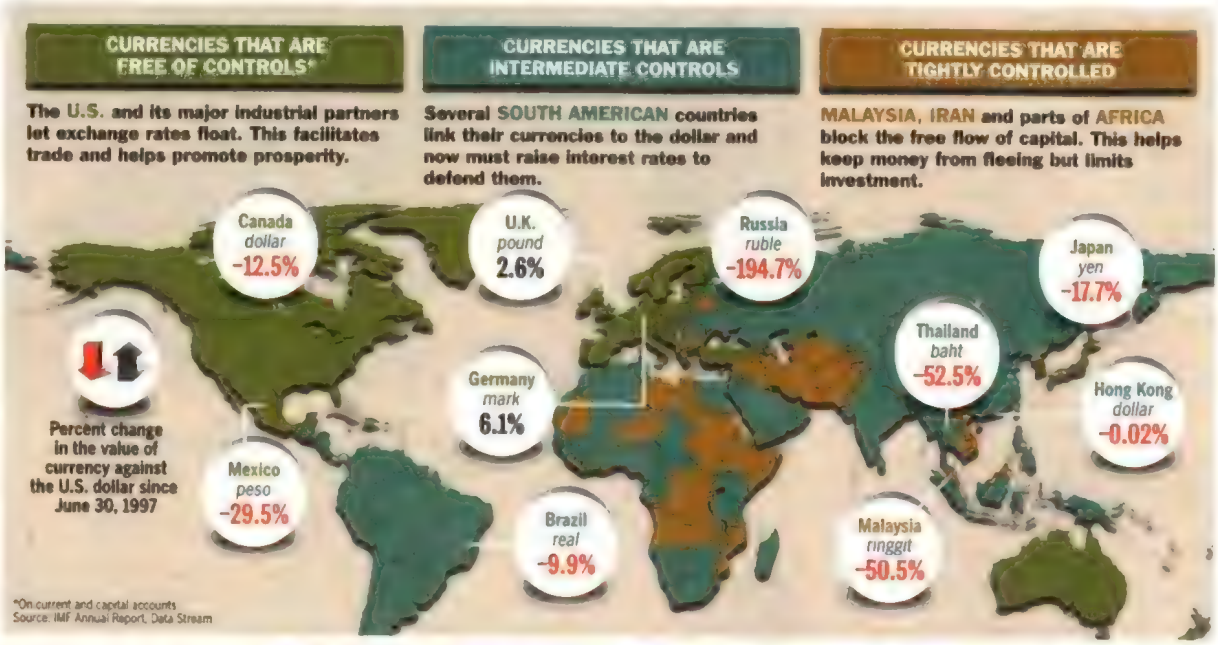

STICKIER MONEY

More countries want to tame the volatility of global investment. Will that make things worse?

By JOHN GREENWALD

CAN ANYTHING STOP THE FINANcial panic that has swept from Asia to Russia to Latin America? On Wall Street last week, jittery traders dismissed the Federal Reserve's quarter-point cut in interest rates as too puny and sent the Dow Jones industrial average plunging 448 points in two days. In Washington State, farmers watched helplessly as their grain piled into huge drifts for lack of Asian buyers. In slumping Brazil, Ford and General Motors, which only recently completed new plants in the country, had to cut production drastically. And the future could be grimmer still, according to the International Monetary Fund, which reported at its annual assemblage of world finance ministers last week that "the risks of a deeper, wider and more prolonged downturn have escalated" throughout the developing world.

All this adds up to perhaps the gravest challenge to global capitalism since the Great Depression. And suddenly everyone from Malaysia's dictatorial Mahathir Mohamad to President Bill Clinton and British Prime Minister Tony Blair are calling for reform of the international monetary system that has held sway for a half-century. Their ideas range from Mahathir's ban on currency trading in depression-mired Malaysia to the Clinton Administration's talk of a new "global financial architecture" that would preserve a relatively free flow of capital while reducing the volatility of world financial markets. Says Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin: "Clearly, the time has come to build a stronger system." Among his proposals: speedier IMF loans to help countries ward off economic crises, and more honest public record-keeping by governments so investors can tell which nations are sound.

But talk about timing. This push comes as the Administration remains locked in a yearlong battle with Congress over Clinton's request for $18 billion for the cash-strapped IMF. The outcome is still uncertain but crucial because other countries may not contribute their share of funding until the U.S. acts. Washington's failure to do so would be viewed as a sign of growing U.S. isolationism that could further shake markets and whip up protectionist sentiment, adding to the pressure for currency controls. Says Clinton: "This country has got to lead."

The stakes are sky-high for Americans and people around the world in the contest between financial openness and the growing trend toward controls on capital. If more and more countries manipulate their capital flows, currencies and merchandise imports for competitive advantage—as they did on the cusp of the Great Depression—the threat could spread to U.S. jobs. U.S. unemployment has already edged up from 4.5% in August to 4.6% in September, a month which also saw the slowest rate of job creation in nearly three years.

Haphazard controls are not even much help to countries that impose them, because they choke off foreign investment just when it is most sorely needed. To make matters worse, Malaysia looks ready to use its controls to ease pressure on Mahathir's debt-ridden cronies instead of attempting to fix its shattered economy. Meanwhile, Hong Kong authorities find themselves

stuck with $15 billion worth of stock that they purchased in August to prop up the market. Selling the shares now would drive down prices.

Yet controls remain tempting, partly because various types of restrictions have long been woven into the capitalist fabric. For example, both Argentina and Hong Kong use "currency boards" to peg their currencies to the U.S. dollar, even though that has obliged them to jack up interest rates to maintain the prescribed relationship. Argentina, for one, still swears by the mechanism. (Closer to home, many U.S. mutual funds that invest in emerging markets impose penalties on investors who sell out before a specified period of time.)

With President Clinton fighting to stay in office and recession-plagued Japan saddled with yet another weak Prime Minister, little leadership has been exerted by the two biggest economies. Tokyo's banking crisis has curbed lending throughout Japan and the rest of Asia—contributing to the region's economic malaise and adding to the threat of global recession. But even as Japan, under U.S. pressure, began moving last week to clean up its banking mess by empowering a government agency to seize insolvent banks, the Fed in the U.S. was busy defending a private bailout of a high-flying hedge fund to protect its banking lenders, which hardly helps buttress American moral suasion.

While Tokyo and Washington fiddle, all eyes are on Brazil, which has been negotiating a bailout from the underfunded IMF. In the meantime, Brazil has been forced to draw down its foreign-exchange reserves to defend its currency, the real, which is pegged to the U.S. dollar. Any collapse of the real would clobber Latin America—and hurt the U.S., which sells 20% of its exports to the region.

All this has led Fed Chairman Alan Greenspan to use his rate-cutting powers to maintain the U.S. as the world's consumer of last resort. And his impact has never been greater, because whenever interest rates fall, they immediately put money in consumers' pockets through the widespread use of variable-rate mortgages.

Even so, Wall Street's thumbs-down reaction to last week's quarter-point cut only created more tumult. Confused investors managed to bid up both the price of gold—a traditional inflation hedge—and long-term bonds, which are normally a defense against deflation. Moral: in a world in which countries are tempted to barricade themselves behind destructive currency controls, small rate cuts alone can hardly allay a rising sense of panic. ***—Reported by Bernard Baumohl/New York and Adam Zagorin/Washington, with other bureaus***

PAULO WHITAKER REUTERS

PAINFUL: Traders on the São Paulo stock exchange

The Next Big Test: Brazil

Can it stay the capitalist course amid turmoil?

BRAZILIANS SARDONICALLY CALL THEIR monstrous public bureaucracy *O Trem da Alegria*—the Joy Train. It is ridden by millions of officials like César Almeida, mayor of a working-class town near Rio de Janeiro. The Globo TV network revealed last month that he has manipulated the system so cleverly that he earns $22,000 a month—twice the salary of the country's President—while teachers earn as little as $70 a month. Brazil was able to finance that kind of waste when foreign capital was pouring in. But now, with the global financial crisis sucking hundreds of millions of dollars out of Brazil each day, the Joy Train, whose payrolls burn up a surreal 70% of all public revenue, threatens to pull the nation over a cliff.

Brazilians amended their constitution in 1997 to allow President Fernando Henrique Cardoso to seek a second term in last Sunday's election. Cardoso, 67, a left-wing academic turned free marketer, has stamped out hyperinflation and given many of his 165 million countrymen their first real faith in democracy, capitalism and Brazil's titanic potential. Another four years, they hoped, would complete the dream. But now they'll need Cardoso's leadership just to stop the country's sudden nightmare of recession, unemployment and staggering deficits.

Brazil must endure a painful cure, including possible tax increases and spending cuts. Its success or failure will decide not only the well-being of the world's ninth-largest economy—and the preservation of the strong, dollar-pegged currency, the real—but also possibly the fate of the global system of free trade and investment.

Financial leaders in Washington and on Wall Street regard Cardoso as their best hope to preserve the credibility of the ca talist discipline they've sold to emergi markets during the past decade, a dis pline now crumbling from Moscow Malaysia. "They're seeing Brazil's strug as a crucial stand for the orthodox mod says Emily Alejos, vice president for eme ing markets at BEA Associates investm firm in New York City. And because it is t linchpin of the dynamic South Americ market, Alejos adds, "letting Brazil s cumb to the global contagion would me Argentina, Chile and other Latin Americ countries following on its heels."

U.S. banks have nearly $28 billion loans at risk in Brazil—four times t amount they lent to Russia and second o among emerging markets to their expos in South Korea. More than 2,000 U.S. co panies have investments in Brazil.

Little wonder that on the eve of t week's annual International Monet Fund meeting in Washington, the IMF a U.S. Treasury Secretary Robert Rubin s their strongest signals yet that they poised to assemble a $30 billion packag bailout loans to Brazil. "We believe that economic well-being of Brazil is critic important not only to our economy but the entire hemisphere," said Rubin.

Aides to Cardoso privately expres hope that the promise of a bailout would ster investor confidence in Brazil. But country's President knows much more is quired. Two weeks before the election, C doso went on national television and plained that the country will have to learn live within its means." Which means, starters, that Mayor Almeida can expe pay cut. ***—By Tim Padg***

With reporting by Sol Biderman/São Paulo Adam Zagorin/Washington

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End of the Runway

Designer Isaac Mizrahi, it turns out, was better at marketing himself than clothes

By GINIA BELLAFANTE

AS ANYONE WHO HAS FLIPPED THROUGH *Vogue* or *Harper's Bazaar* in recent years can attest, it's quite a challenge to find models who don't look dour and perplexed, as though they've just gone through painful psychotherapy or mistaken whole milk for skim. The fashion business, for all its outward absurdity, isn't cheeky and good-humored at its core, and that is perhaps why Isaac Mizrahi made such an impression.

In an era when most big designers aren't necessarily known for wit or verbal agility, Mizrahi emerged in TV interviews, and especially in the acclaimed 1995 documentary about him, *Unzipped*, as a kind of Seventh Avenue Oscar Wilde, quipping endlessly about fashion ("It's almost impossible to have any style at all without the right dog"), pop culture and, always eagerly, himself. In the past few years, Mizrahi had cultivated the kind of celebrity that made him known to people who have never heard of shantung or bias cuts.

But as it turns out, a wry spirit and big personality are not enough to move $1,400 mink-trimmed skirts off store racks. Last week Mizrahi startled many in fashion's orbit when he announced that he was shutting down his business after a 10-year career during which media attention rarely eluded him but strong sales often did. The final blow came from Chanel Inc., which had bankrolled Mizrahi since 1992 but decided to dissolve its partnership with the designer after three years of financial losses.

Since his winning debut collection in 1988, Mizrahi had been considered the heir to the American sportswear throne shared by Calvin Klein, Donna Karan and Ralph Lauren. But unlike the holy trinity, Mizrahi, who trafficked in whimsical, feminine, but rarely outlandish garments, never managed to create a signature look. "There were brilliant first collections," notes Richard Martin, head of the Costume Institute at New York City's Metropolitan Museum of Art, "but they became more and more erratic. Calvin, Donna and Ralph all developed something very distinctive."

Nor did Mizrahi develop fragrances, undergarments or other successful accessories, from which designers usually reap the bulk of their profits. Most devastating was the failure of his lower-priced bridge line nine months ago, which, though youthful and vibrant, never caught on. As fashion industry analyst Mark Mankoff, a partner at Ernst & Young, puts it, "Mizrahi just didn't reach enough people. He was not broadly accepted as a brand and an image and a life-style."

That may be why he received lukewarm support from big department stores. "Retailers are part of the blame," explains Fern Mallis, head of the Council of Fashion Designers of America. "They come and love Isaac, but then don't give him the support and energy in the stores that he needs to make it work."

Perhaps Mizrahi ultimately failed at marketing his aesthetic because he was too focused on marketing himself. The designer, who appears in the upcoming Woody Allen film *Celebrity*, has wanted to pursue a film career ever since his charming turn in *Unzipped*. *Women's Wear Daily* editorial director Patrick McCarthy notes, "He's been a little bit less interested [in fashion] than when he first started out. He has said to friends lately, 'Maybe this isn't for me anymore.'" Mizrahi is working on a screenplay based on a comic book he wrote, *The Adventures of Sandee the Supermodel*. And he wants to act. But that, of course, is something he's been doing all along. —***With reporting by David E. Thigpen/New York***

THE LAST PRANCE: Mizrahi's praised fall '98 runway show wound up his finale

ROSE HARTMAN—GLOBE PHOTOS

HOLLYWOOD CALLING?

Now that fashion is out, he is free to cultivate his inner Jim Carrey. Mizrahi, who "starred" in the documentary *Unzipped*, bottom, will be seen next in Woody Allen's *Celebrity*. And his comic book, *The Adventures of Sandee the Supermodel*, is being made into a movie

CLOCKWISE FROM LEFT: BRAD RICKERBY—SIPA; MIRAMAX PHOTOFEST

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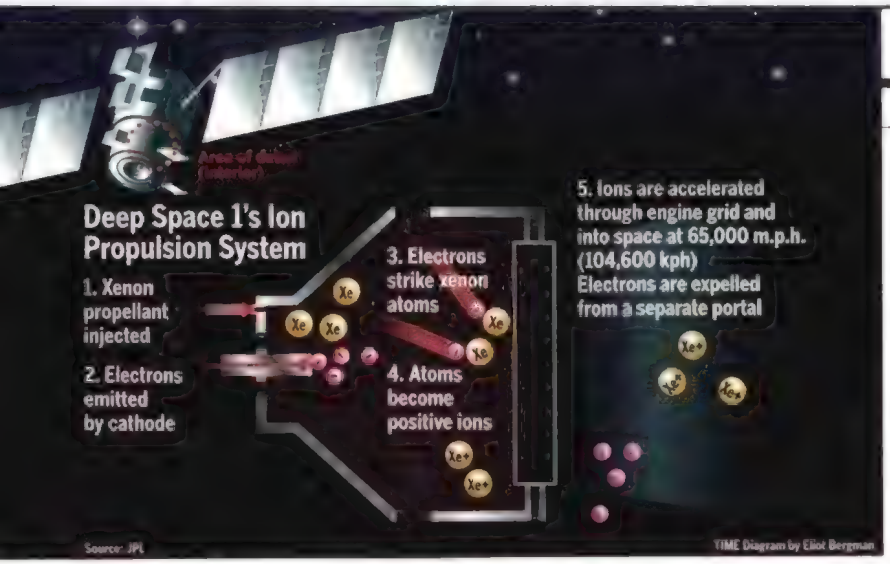


Flying with Ion Power

NASA launches a smart new breed of spacecraft

ONE OF THE MOST DARING DEEP-SPACE missions NASA has ever planned is turning out to be one of the least publicized. The target is a large asteroid named 1992KD, which orbits the sun millions of miles from Earth. But that destination is almost incidental to the performance of the spacecraft that will make the trip. Though it looks little different from countless other unmanned probes NASA has launched, the ship will be navigated by an electronic brain that has been likened to HAL, the independent-minded computer in the film *2001*, and will move through space under power of a system that has long been the stuff of technological fantasies: an ion propulsion engine.

If all goes as planned, Deep Space 1, scheduled for launch later this month, will be the forerunner of a new generation of spacecraft. While flight planners hope the ship will make some interesting observations about the target asteroid, including its composition and the structure of its surface, DS1's prime assignment is to validate a host of new technologies NASA had always considered too risky to try on a high-profile mission. Says Marc Rayman of Jet Propulsion Laboratory, DS1's chief engineer: "We have an unproven propulsion system, powered by an unproven solar array, commanded by an unproven navigation system."

What is most remarkable about the spacecraft is how it gets from place to place. After being launched by an ordinary rocket, DS1 will be pushed through space by an engine that works by firing electrons into atoms of xenon gas, stripping each of an electron and giving the atoms an electric charge—ionizing them. The ions are then accelerated through an electric field and emitted from thrusters at 65,000 m.p.h. Despite that speed, the particles produce little thrust, comparable to the weight of a piece of paper.

Still, that constant push will add 15 to 20 m.p.h. daily to DS1's speed. "It takes three days to get to 60 m.p.h.," says Rayman, "but if you thrust for 300 days, you're up to 6,000 m.p.h. I like to call it 'acceleration with patience.'"

That patience pays off. DS1 will carry a mere 180 lbs. of xenon fuel, about one-tenth the fuel needed for a conventional craft. Electricity required to power thrusters and other equipment will come from a new solar panel equipped with 720 lenses that focus sunlight down to a strip of solar cells.

Just as innovative is DS1's navigation system. By scanning stars and asteroids, the spacecraft will know precisely where it is and will make its own maneuvers, perhaps even during its asteroid rendezvous. Programmed to fly six miles above the giant rock, DS1 will also have the option of swooping down to half that altitude.

DS1's use of ion propulsion and self-navigation, Rayman says, "is analogous to having your car find its own way from L.A. to Washington, arrive at a designated parking place, and do it all while getting 300 m.p.g." By the same analogy, could the car then drive on to other cities too? Apparently. Barring problems, DS1 will have enough fuel and navigational smarts to proceed to a burned-out comet called Wilson-Harrington in January 2001 and, as its grand finale, to Comet Borrelly later that year. —*By Leon Jaroff*

SPACE

Cosmic Bomb

A curious type of star astonishes astronomers

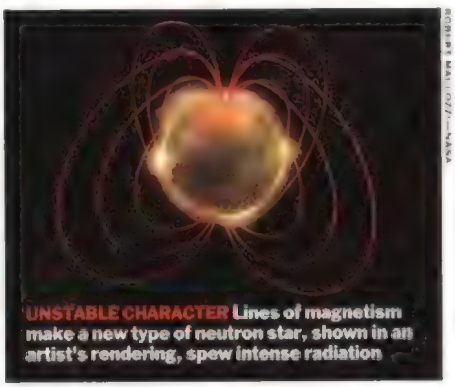
IT WASN'T LONG AGO THAT ASTRONOMERS had just a handful of heavenly bodies to think about: stars, planets, comets and not much else. But then along came quasars, then pulsars, then black holes—bizarre objects that have made the universe a decidedly more interesting place.

Now another oddball has joined this menagerie of improbable cosmic beasts. On Aug. 27, a burst of electromagnetic energy smashed against the earth's atmosphere, ripping apart air molecules, disrupting radio communications and knocking a couple of satellites temporarily offline. The most likely source of the power surge, scientists announced last week: a starquake on a new kind of celestial object called a magnetar.

A magnetar is a star that has run out of fuel and collapsed to form a neutron star—a ball of matter just a dozen miles across, so dense that a teaspoonful weighs tens of millions of tons. In rare instances, a neutron star can generate a magnetic field strong enough to shatter the star's metallic surface, sending high-energy X rays and gamma rays blasting into space.

The X rays and gamma rays recorded by orbiting observatories let astronomers know just how strong the magnetic field on this magnetar, dubbed SGR1900+14, is: about 800 trillion times as strong as the field that makes a compass work on Earth.

Fortunately for our planet, SGR1900+14 is 20 light-years away. Its radiation was so weakened by the time it got here that its X rays and gamma rays couldn't penetrate the atmosphere. No one was harmed—except, perhaps, for textbook publishers, who are suddenly, through no fault of their own, out of date. —*By Michael D. Lemonick*


UNSTABLE CHARACTER Lines of magnetism make a new type of neutron star, shown in an artist's rendering, spew intense radiation

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TIME
MONDAY TUESDAY WEDNESDAY THU
A WEEK IN T
Photograph for TIME by Bob Sacha

GOOD WORK A Duke team removes a lobe from a father's liver for transplant to his son

URSDAY / FRIDAY / SATURDAY / SUNDAY

HE LIFE OF...

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A HOSPITAL

By NANCY GIBBS

A HOSPITAL MAY BE THE MOST FASCINATING place we never want to visit. We know there are triumphs here: fingers reattached, lungs replaced and babies born, small enough to bathe in a big teacup, who would have had no chance 10 years ago but who now go home and grow up. Maybe they will become doctors too. But it is also a war zone, and if you are not fighting the enemy or loading the weapons or plotting the next campaign, you can hardly understand what a brave, brutal, mysterious place this really is.

That is one reason it has been possible for hospitals to reach a point of crisis without most of us knowing how it happened. When your child is lying on a stretcher, or your spouse is worrying about a lump, there is no time to learn about how these places work. You just want them to take care of you. One of the great democratic privileges of American society is the premise that all people have a right to the best possible care, regardless of whether they have the means to pay for it; the law requires hospitals to treat anyone who walks in the door. But today that promise is caught in a collision between money and medicine that is occurring in hospitals all over the country—nowhere more than in the élite academic medical centers that have always led the way in training the next generation of doctors, inventing the next generation of cures, and providing them to those who could least afford to pay.

When TIME set out to tell the story of what is happening, not just on the front lines but also in the backrooms of American medicine, we sought out the kind of institution best equipped to solve the insoluble problem: a world-class teaching hospital where the same urgency and intellect that is applied to saving lives is assigned nowadays to saving the institution itself. All across the country, teaching hospitals are trying to figure out how to marry progress with profits, how to come up with the money that will let them continue to lead the world in death-defying discoveries, without going bankrupt in the process.

Duke University Medical Center is one of the crown jewels of American medicine. In the labs, wards and classrooms spread out over the 210-acre medical campus in the North Carolina Piedmont, doctors are pushing hard against the limits of our imagination: tiptoeing electronically through the brain in search of hidden tumors, inventing vaccines that might turn lethal cancers into treatable ones, even breeding animals whose organs could one day be harvested for transplant to make up for the shortfall in human donors. These men and women muscled their way through college and medical school and internships and fellowships, just for the chance to work 100-hour weeks, live on hospital food, only rarely find time to see their families or to exercise, and drive cars that are not as fancy as the ones owned by their colleagues down the road at the fancy for-profit hospital. They chose Duke largely because of the scientists here and the work they do; yet they have come to realize that today their survival depends on decisions being made by the suits down the hall in the business office.

BOB SACHA FOR TIME

AWAITING A NEW LIVER. Lamont Jacks finds comfort in laughter

NICOLE BENGIVENO—MATRIX FOR TIME

BRAINPOWER Neuropathologist Chris Hewitt with a Duke resource

As amazing as the medicine is, the money behind it is just as stunning. The medical center's total budget is $1.3 billion a year, and it has to come from somewhere. Not long ago, hospitals such as Duke relied on a neat juggling act: they would charge private insurers a little extra for a heart operation or a box of paper tissues and funnel the profit into all the extremely unprofitable things they do: teach students, do research and treat the poor. It worked fine, until managed-care companies and government cutbacks began shrinking those payments, and for-profit hospital chains started buying up community hospitals and competing for patients and revenues.

This means the same doctor who spends her morning treating a child for a leukemia that would surely have killed him five years ago has to spend the afternoon arguing with the insurance company over whether it will pay for what she has done. The revolution in how medicine gets paid for is moving so fast that "virtually no one knows what is going on," says Duke medical-center chancellor Ralph Snyderman,

...A HOSPIT

who has watched the assault on hospitals from inside and out. "The whole managed-care system has the potential to kill us," he says. Now that the most obvious waste has been wrung out of the system, even the strictest health-care companies are having trouble maintaining their profits. In 1994, 90% of HMOs reported profits. By the third quarter of last year, only 49% did so. And hospitals like Duke are sprinting to keep up with the pace of change.

Duke's leaders are blunt about its condition. "If we were a business, we'd go under," says Peter Kussin, chief medical officer of the hospital. "We're not patient friendly. We're not market sensitive. We're profligate, wasteful and arrogant. We have to change. But that doesn't mean we have to sell our souls." What it does mean, however, is throwing out every assumption they bring to the table about what a teaching hospital does. Or as Kussin says, "You've got to tear the mother down."

In its place, Duke is building an enormous spider web across the Piedmont, pulling people into the Duke University Health System. Rather than treating only the sickest patients with the rarest diseases, it is buying up, merging or affiliating with doctors' practices, a community hospital, a hospice, a home-care agency and even its own managed-care operation. The idea is to insure a steady stream of patients into the system; to build a network that ensures that no one stays in an expensive intensive-care-unit bed who could be moved down to the wards or even out to a skilled-nursing facility; to develop enough market clout to negotiate discounts with suppliers and insurers; and to place enough emphasis on preventive care and public education so diseases are caught early, before they require the kind of expensive care that has driven costs so high.

In some ways, the Duke experiment runs against everything we assume about the fight over paying for health care. "The best medicine," Snyderman says flatly, "will be cost-effective medicine. And we're betting the hospital on that." Duke has been cutting $30 million a year for each of the past five years. It is why it is opening clinics in high schools and in poor neighborhoods, staffed largely by nurses and physician assistants, in hope that it is more convenient for a poor working mother to bring her sick kid to a clinic around the corner than wait hours in the emergency room, where everything costs more. It is why the orthopedic surgeon rebuilding the shattered wrist is thinking about which set of rods and pins will do the job but cost the least. It is why the surgeon who pioneers a new way to fix a shoulder by using tinier instruments to make smaller incisions is a hero to his bosses as well as his patients: they can go home sooner, and the endoscopic-surgery unit is partly subsidized by U.S. Surgical, a huge medical-equipment manufacturer, which is delighted by any promising new procedure that will create a demand all over the country for new precision instruments.

BOB SACHA FOR TIME

CUTTING EDGE This baby's umbilical blood may save a life

It all makes sense on paper, but no one can safely predict that this is really going to work in practice. Only in theory does prevention save money, and there is an argument that the opposite is true. Everyone is going to die of something; helping people avoid heart attacks and strokes may well mean the patients will wind up with more chronic illnesses that cost more money to treat over the course of their lifetime.

Good scientists have faith in their ability to solve even impossibly complex problems; that's the world they live in, where the disease that killed their parents is unknown to their children. The hospitals will survive somehow because we need them to: our lives and safety depend on it. But the challenges they face are not just medical: they are about economics and social policy, ethics and politics, and the solutions are unlikely to emerge from any one laboratory, or without considerable pain.

TIME tracked this struggle for a week, up close, around the clock. To walk these halls is to watch the practice of medicine as it changes before our eyes, and to realize that when doctors talk about blood on the floor, they don't mean only the patient's. ■

NIGEL P. HUGHES—BLACK STAR FOR TIME

AT LIFE'S VERY EDGE, Adelia Putnam is visited by her husband and father

AL

Where will the money come from to do the unprofitable things so essential to our well-being: pioneering research, training new doctors and caring for those who can't pay?

"I'll Be His Mom for a While ..."

MONDAY 9:33 AM CHAPLAIN MARK WEILER IS holding a seashell filled with purified water. Normally it's the parents who ask for him, when they want their baby baptized and don't think they can afford to wait. But this baby was abandoned weeks ago, and is due to go into surgery in an hour; it was the nurses who called and put aside their work to gather around the incubator. Weiler can't pick up this child, lying so still, like a broken marionette, so much tape holding so many tubes. He dips his finger in the water and touches the baby's forehead. "I baptize you, Christopher, in the name of the Father, and of the Son, and of the Holy Spirit." And they say a prayer.

"LAP MOM" Mary Miller gives a gift of love, even unto death

Christopher is six weeks old, and had been doing fine. His mother was a coke addict; he was born at 24 weeks, weighing about 1½ lbs., but once he was stabilized, he came off the ventilator and started feeding. "When I started back in 1972, a 2-lb. baby had a 95% chance of dying," says Dr. Ronald Goldberg, chief of the neonatal-intensive-care unit. "If he lived, the damage was pretty severe. Now a 2-lb. baby has a 95% chance of surviving, and the outcomes we're seeing are very good."

After a few weeks in the NICU, Christopher even got moved down the hall to the transitional nursery. Then on Sunday morning he started looking sick: his belly was swelling; he showed signs of a massive infection; and he was sent back to the intensive-care unit.

Dr. Henry Rice operated at about 3 a.m. Monday, and what he saw wasn't good. "Maybe 95% of the bowel looked questionable," he says. "Sometimes you can remove the bad part, and he can fight off the infection. But this child's whole gut was involved." They stabilized him, able only to watch him over the next few hours, hoping for some improvement.

There was a very slim chance that if enough of the baby's intestines were viable, the doctors could keep him alive long enough to perform a bowel transplant that might save his life. Here, however, the doctor's dilemma is ethical as much as medical. Is it fair to set out on a course of treatment that would involve enormous risk and pain, a year in the hospital at least and a very difficult life thereafter? "Just because you can do something doesn't mean you should," explains Dr. Goldberg. "We have to keep a level head and treat the child as if it were your own. What would you want for your own kid?"

And if the doctors got over that hurdle, there is the fact that it would all cost about $1 million, most of which Duke would pay out of its pocket. Christopher's medical care has already cost $192,500, of which Medicaid will reimburse only about $81,000. When money is tight, research crucial and hard to pay for, and there are many children to save, is this the best use of resources?

The doctors never give up, and at 10:45 a.m., Dr. Rice operates again. This time the news is even worse, and all options are foreclosed. "He essentially had no intestine beyond the stomach," says Dr. Rice. "Doing anything more at this point

THE NICU TEAM sees so many glorious victories, members take every loss personally

MONDAY (LABOR DAY)

7:00 AM SHIFT CHANGE Like a small planet, which is what it sometimes resembles, Duke Hospital rotates every 12 hours. In a predawn darkness that already holds a hint of the semitropical day to come, a skeleton crew of 688 nurses, along with doctors, interns, residents and support staff,

BROOKS KRAFT—SYGMA FOR TIME

flows out the doors, and 2,238 others pour in. Because it's a holiday, they represent but a fraction of the normal 14,000-plus workday staff that makes Duke the 10th largest teaching hospital in the country.

10:03 AM ONCOLOGY UNIT Dr. Kelly Marcom is one of dozens of oncologists at the

PHOTOGRAPHS FOR TIME BY BROOKS KRAFT/SYGMA

ILLUSTRATION FOR TIME BY PETER HOLT

hospital. He and three colleagues are making rounds of the 78-bed cancer unit. One of the first patients they see is Berguene Armstrong, 41, whose lung cancer has spread to her upper body, including her brain. Armstrong hands the doctor a magazine she has been reading, pointing to an article about the new drug Herceptin.

Marcom patiently explains to her that Herceptin is a breast-cancer drug. But Armstrong, who has no hair and green radiation trace marks over her neck and upper body, is still cheerful and upbeat. She and her husband are planning a Labor Day picnic in a nearby park. "She had a real good night," her husband tells the doctor.

1:00 PM HEART-TRANSPLANT UNIT General R. King, "G.R.," knows about waiting. He waited four months before doctors found him a new heart; they said he could not have waited another day. He received the heart of a 22-year-old woman, which has been beating inside his chest for more than seven years now. Today—in fact,

DUKE STATS

In 1967 the medical center consisted of one research building and the hospital, originally built in 1930. Now the medical campus has more than 80 buildings on 210 acres.

would just be futile therapy." All they could do was increase the morphine, ease the pain.

It's Stephanie McCallum's day off, but the other nurses call her anyway. They have this understanding that if anything happens to one of their babies, they want to hear about it. She arrives at the unit, washes her hands, puts on her gown and goes over to the incubator where Christopher is sleeping. "I'll be his mom for a while," she says.

McCallum remembers the day Christopher's birth mother came to visit, sat at the bedside and cried, before signing away her parental rights for good. "She told him she was so sorry," the nurse recalls. "She knew that her drugs had caused him to be born early." If the nurses make judgments, they are laced with forgiveness. "She knew she couldn't handle him, so she gave him up. It says a lot about her that she knew her limitations and what was best for him."

Next to arrive is Mary Miller, all silvery sorrow, to hold him one last time. Miller is Christopher's "lap mom," the volunteer who has been coming since he was born to rock him, or just sing and talk to him when he was too sick to hold. Miller is a great-grandmother herself, an Air Force wife who moved 23 times in 32 years, and she has been coming to the NICU for the past 12 years. "I have no idea why I am able to do this," she says quietly. "Not everyone can, and that's no reflection on them. It's just a strength that God gave me."

The blanket with the pink and blue balloons swallows the tiny child in Miller's arms as she sings and whispers, "Jesus loves you ..." McCallum sits next to her, rubbing her neck. They both stroke Christopher on the soft top of his head.

Even as they sit and rock him, there are tiny celebrations everywhere: a baby boy who almost didn't make it through the night back in June is getting ready to go home with his mom; another is coming off her ventilator; another is finally starting to feed. "Most of these babies do great," says nurse Shannon Brown. "They go home to families who love them. This is just such a sad day here."

At 3:12 p.m. the nurses gently remove the pink tape mustache that anchors Christopher's tubes in place. The skin on tiny babies is so fragile, like wet tissue paper, that even medical tape can take it off. As alarms start going off, they turn off more monitors. Miller slips away to help pick an outfit for Christopher to wear.

Now McCallum is listening for a heartbeat and can't find one. She hands another nurse her stethoscope; then they call for Dr. Goldberg.

When Christopher finally dies, the care is no less gentle. They remove the last of the tapes and tubes to bathe him; they press his hands and feet onto the ink pad, to send the tiny prints home to an aunt who has asked for the "bereavement package"; they carefully clean the hands and feet and give him a bath, dress him in a tiny blue gown, with a white bow. It makes no difference to these nurses that there are no parents there to watch. They are doing this for the baby, and for themselves.

—By Nancy Gibbs

Daily Rounds: Socrates at The Bedside

MONDAY 1:15 PM

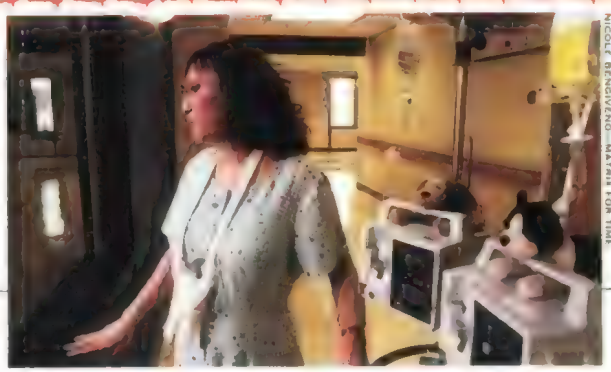
ALMOST SIX HOURS AFTER it began, the daily ritual of morning rounds finally comes to an end. Since 7:30 a.m., eight new young doctors have been pelted with a steady stream of questions from Magnus Ohman, the senior cardiologist, who is leading the group this morning: Which famous painter suffered from digoxin poisoning? (Van Gogh.) How does a chest X ray look when a breast implant leaks? (Trick question: it looks the same.) Which episode of *ER* fits the patient in 7206? The dazed residents protest that they have no time for television. "You've got to watch *ER*," Ohman lectures. "Patients come in and ask you about it."

The questions are endless; the process that engenders them is one of medicine's oldest teaching tools. In this cardiac ICU and all over the hospital, young doctors are presenting cases and being interrogated about their observations, interpretations and plans. Tired residents, stethoscopes slung

every Monday—King, 70, returns to this unit to "give something back." On his rounds, he dispenses hope to those who still wait.

One of them is Maria Torres, right, who has been waiting for 142 days. She began coughing constantly last fall. By spring, the lung congestion was so bad that she could no longer lie down to sleep. "I felt like I was dying," she says. Torres was taken to Duke and has been tethered to an IV since then.

The hardest part of waiting, Torres says, is being away from her family. She missed the birth of her first grandchild, her son's high school graduation and her daughter's first period. But Torres will not be leaving Duke



NICOLE BENGIVENO—MATCH FOR TIME

NICOLE BENGIVENO—MATRIX FOR TIME

ENDLESS QUESTIONS Ohman, seated, trains these young doctors to keep questioning

around their neck, dressed in new white coats (short for interns, knee-length for the more senior residents), are questioned—and questioned some more. They will never know enough, but Ohman hopes they will come to hear these questions, even when no one is asking. "I'm trying to create a mind that is inquisitive," he says.

Each room the doctors visit is a living lesson in modern medicine. In 7213 the heart of a 71-year-old woman is pumping a dangerously low volume of blood. "What is the right therapy?" asks Ohman. They agree that a drug is required to slow the beat, giving the woman's heart more time to fill. Right, pronounces Ohman. Which drug? They stumble with answers until Ohman says it's Esmolol. That surprises one of the young physicians. Esmolol, he notes, could cost as much as $200 a day, while alternatives can be had for $1.50 a pill. Ohman casts an eye toward the clinical pharmacologist accompanying the group. "How am I going to battle him down?" he asks his colleague.

The right answer eventually emerges from their Socratic discourse: if the patient starts to have problems, Esmolol can be stopped and, within minutes, so will its chemical effect. Cheaper drugs can't be turned off so quickly. "It will cost more, but that's O.K.," says Gary Dunham, the pharmacologist who is sharing rounds with Ohman. If the woman gets in trouble with one of the cheaper drugs, he says, her healthcare costs will soar. Dunham lectures again in the language of cost-based pharmacotherapy: "It's the most effective drug at the least societal cost."

In 7201 is one of the many smokers on the heart unit. Ben Blalock, 65, not only smokes tobacco, he also grows it. Tobacco, he says, has been his family's ticket out of poverty. He simply doesn't buy the health warnings. His heart problems, he says, are inherited from his "mother's people."

In 7204 a 50-year-old heart-attack victim is given less than a 5% chance of surviving. Outside her room, Ohman examines a box belonging to the patient. It's filled with nutritional supplements. There are medications that could have prevented her heart attack; none are in the box. "This is a sign we have failed," says Ohman.

Room 7205: since his March heart attack, Wesley Duncan, 41, has been readmitted nine times with chest pain. Each time, after costly workups, no disease has been found. Ohman suspects stress. If they can't prove he has a disease, managed-care organizations might not pay for his hospitalizations. How many people go to the ER with chest pains each year? Ohman asks, then answers: 9 million. How many are admitted? Six million. That's $15 billion. How many have heart attacks? One million. "Who pays for these admissions?" he asks.

Now that rounds are over, the students must find answers to Ohman's questions, eat, see more patients and perhaps even sleep. Evening rounds begin in six hours.

—By Dick Thompson

without a new heart. "I know there are people who have been here longer," she says, "but soon is not soon enough."

1:30 PM CARDIOLOGY UNIT

"I'm 71 years old; I had a good life. I just want to go naturally," Ida Bretz told her daughter Roswitha while declining surgery to treat her aneurysm. But yesterday, after an additional heart attack, Bretz awoke to find a tube down her throat and a machine forcing air into her lungs. Her doctors had had their reasons: they hoped the intubation might be temporary, not the kind of heroic procedure specifically ruled out in Bretz's living will. Ida Bretz disagreed: pointing at the tube, she tried to speak. "The family and I read her lips. She wanted the tube out and she wanted to go home," says nurse Zhila Mostaghimi.

For a few hours Bretz improved, and she went off the machine without debate. But now she is laboring again. Manesh Patel, a second-year resident, tells the family he un-

DUKE STATS

The hospital and medical center have 14,099 employees: 2,466 have an M.D. or a Ph.D.; 77 are faculty with both M.D. and Ph.D. degrees; and 2,021 are nurses.

A New Life, And New Hope

TUESDAY 2:27 PM

CHRISTINA CROSBY IS twice blessed. She just may get to save one life in the course of giving birth to another. Her cousin Bobby Cooper, 33, learned last spring that he has a rare form of leukemia and might be a candidate for a stem-cell transplant. Duke is one of about a dozen hospitals and blood centers in the country that is collecting blood from umbilical cords and using the cells to treat cancer patients. So Christina has agreed to donate her cord blood, in hopes of raising the odds that her cousin will find a match when he is ready for his transplant.

Christina is a cool, sturdy lady who says she has a pretty high tolerance for pain, but by 1:15, after hours of labor and 15 minutes of pushing, she is exhausted. Husband Kevin and nurse Mickie Cothren are each holding one of her legs, helping her push. Dr. Ira Smith pokes his head in the room; this will be his third birth in as many hours. "Pitiful pushin'!" he hollers, urging her on. By 2:04 she is groaning hugely. She has her hands clasped behind her knees, working hard, straining like a Russian Olympic weight lifter. She's getting closer, so Smith sets up his equipment and slathers on the antiseptic. "Pretty, pretty," he says. "Good work." At 2:14, Cothren announces, "It's half out." Christina bellows, "Pull it out!" "We don't pull this one out, honey," Cothren replies calmly. The umbilical-cord collection team has entered, gowned and masked like aliens. One more push, one more, one more and suddenly Smith is unslinging the head of Kyle Wayne Crosby from his valuable umbilical cord. The baby is hanging upside down, crying. "That's how I feel too," Christina says.

Now the collection team, with exquisite delicacy, inserts a catheter into a vein in the cut cord, draining the precious blood while the placenta is still in place. Kyle is on the warming table, all 9 lbs. 7 oz. "That's no infant," the merry nurse says, "that's a toddler." Father Kevin scoops up his swaddled son and greets him, then lays him tenderly on his mother's chest. "Well, hidey-ho," she says.

—By Nancy Gibbs

A GIFT OF LIFE from a new mother and her baby, here with Dr. Smith and his team

The Ward of Last Resort

TUESDAY 4:00 PM

THIS AFTERNOON THE KIDS in the pediatric isolation ward have come together for something called Cell Mates. Most are bald and towing IV trees behind them as they gather. In Cell Mates they play games that help them come to terms with their diseases—with the blood cells that are failing them, the cancers and immune deficiencies that are attacking

derstands her preferences but stresses that a reintubation now may not be permanent. He also suggests the lack of oxygen to her brain and her underlying depression may be clouding her judgment. But Bretz briefed her family on this sort of topic many times. Says Roswitha: "Already she told us what she wants." The doctors agree not to reintubate her, whatever the consequences. Roswitha takes her mother's hand; in their native German, she says, *"Hoerst Du mich? Ich bin da. Es ist alles wie Du es willst."* Can you hear me? I'm here. Everything is the way you want it.

4:50 PM SURGICAL ICU Dr. Charles Hoopes is beeped while making rounds. He calls the ED and learns that a man is being flown in by Duke's Life Flight helicopter after a horse-riding accident. One of the most important tools Hoopes will use to treat the thrown rider is the Advanced Trauma Life Support System, a guide for managing all trauma patients. Unlike the hospital's ubiquitous clinical paths, which were designed to help control costs, the goal of ATLS is to stabilize the patient. "Cost is rarely an issue in trauma," says Hoopes. And that makes the ED an island in a sea of cost containment.

5:28 PM DURHAM REGIONAL ER An ambulance arrives at Durham Regional Hospital to

Kids like Brooke Tillman, 9, have one brutal option and a fifty-fifty chance

transport a small medical mystery across town to Duke. He is Cole Wilkins, 12, left. Twice in three weeks, first in school and today at home, he has inexplicably passed out. Save for an ear infection, his mother tells the ambulance team, he's never been sick a day in his life. "Except for chicken pox," corrects Cole. Both times he

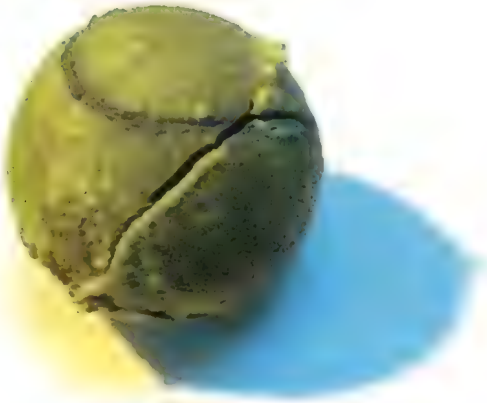
DUKE STATS

About 95% of all children's art supplies and materials, like crayons and paints, sold in the U.S. each year are inspected by Duke toxicologists.

Digitaria sanguinalis
(crabgrass)

Ambrosia franseria
(ragweed)

Taraxacum officinale
(dandelion)



Antiquus pila tenisiae
(old tennis ball)

Don't lawnmowers propel enough scary things into the air?

At Honda, we've always been concerned about clean air. And while we can't do anything about the *Ambrosia franseria* flying around your backyard, we can do something about your mower's emissions.

Since 1982, we've been building environmentally responsible mowers with our unique overhead valve engine. Long before clean-air regulations existed.

Compared to many lawnmowers with side-valve engines currently in use, Hondas generate lower hydrocarbon and carbon monoxide emissions. And achieve up to thirty percent better fuel economy. Plus, thanks to our mulching technology, Honda mowers deliver fine-cut grass clippings back to your lawn. Instead of to landfills.

This kind of thinking is nothing new at Honda. Throughout our 19 years of building products here in America, our goal has always been the same: To balance your desire for fun and performance with society's need for cleaner air.

This philosophy leads to products like our clean mowers, which let you concern yourself with other things when mowing the lawn. After all, who knows when you may encounter a *Taraxacum officinale*.

HONDA
Thinking.

them, and the new replacement cells that are helping them. Many of the kids, like Caroline Strother, 6, are old hands at medical games. She swabs her doll's arm and prepares to insert a central line, but asks, "Hey, don't we need clamps?"

For these kids, who range in age from five weeks to 15 years, this clinic represents their last hope. "They came in here with zero survival chances," says a physician. But thanks to a new treatment that swaps good cells for bad, the 16 kids here now have at least a fifty-fifty chance of survival.

The treatment is called cord-blood transplantation. It is an approach that is being used at several medical centers, but Duke has done more of it than anyplace else.

The treatment is based on the belief that the placenta and umbilical cord are rich in powerfully therapeutic cells, called stem cells. Frequently discarded, the placenta and umbilical cord from a few new mothers, like Christina Crosby, are now being donated right in the delivery room.

Technicians drain the afterbirth of its blood and process the material to concentrate the stem cells. Theoretically, stem cells can rebuild the body's bloodmaking machinery so that it produces the full array of effective blood cells the body needs to defend itself against germs, close wounds and transport oxygen. Scientists speculate that cord stem cells are more adaptable and will transplant more successfully, even in patients with imperfect biological

SURGICAL PREP Willie Brown is readied for surgery on his broken wrists and face

was taken to Durham Regional (he was born here), where examinations, CAT scans and blood tests failed to find an explanation. The Durham Regional doctors have ruled out a tumor, diabetes and other obvious problems. So Cole is being sent to Duke, where the entire modern medical arsenal is available and can be focused on the out-of-action Little Leaguer. On the trip back to the EMS station, driver Candy van Fleet, a registered nurse, admits she fears what Cole's got "is not nothing."

11:29 PM EMERGENCY DEPARTMENT Willie Brown, 63, ended the Labor Day weekend by riding his motorcycle into a tree. He was doing 85 with his 10-year-old son seated behind him. The boy escaped with minor injuries, but Brown landed on his face. When he arrives at Duke ED, his nose, jaw and the rest of the facial superstructure are smashed. Both wrists are shattered. Blood is being pumped out of his stomach. Soon the floor of his bay is covered with the bloody footprints of 17 people working on him.

Doctors begin reducing Brown's sedation. They need him to wake up enough so they can test brain function by commanding him to move his eyes and his foot. A doctor bends over him and says, "O.K., Willie, O.K. Stay with me now, Willie! Stay with me!"

Attention, all weekend warriors. We'll be in bright and early Monday morning to treat your back pain.

For most of the work week you're sitting — at your desk, at meetings, in your car. Then you try to make up for this sedentary lifestyle with two action-packed days every weekend. Is it any wonder that your back, or any other part of your body, hurts with every move?

Licensed physical therapists provide hands-on examination and treatment of back pain, as well as aches and pains of the neck, knee, hip, and other joints and muscles. They counsel on rehabilitation and the prevention of injury through exercise and proper body mechanics. And they administer treatment in the home, as well.

If you're in pain, or know someone who is, call a licensed physical therapist. And for a brochure on physical therapy, call 1-800-955-7848.

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T2

matches, than stem cells harvested from adult bone-marrow donors.

The prelude to transplant is brutal, however. The children receive near lethal doses of radiation and chemotherapy that kill the rapidly dividing sick cells. This leaves the patients without any immune system, so the most minor infection could kill them. It also kills the cells lining the gut, making digestion difficult, and those lining the mouth, producing painful sores.

When doctors are confident the sick cells have been destroyed, the cord cells are dripped into the children's arms. The lucky ones wait up to 100 days for their stem cells to start functioning. The cost to save a child's life: $350,000.

"I'd like to treat everybody," says Joanne Kurtzberg, the cord-blood-program director. "But Duke is not going to let me practice here if all I do is lose money."

While the kids are playing Cell Mates, Kurtzberg spends part of her afternoon sorting through the dozens of pleas she receives daily from frightened parents and suffering children. A fax lying on her desk today is from a Russian boy. "I beg you to help me," it reads in part. "I don't want to die at 16."

To find the money to save these young lives, Kurtzberg is always searching for ways to cut treatment costs. She and her staff spend long hours on the phone each day trying to wring money out of insurance companies. But the bottom line for the cord program is not healthy, which means constant battles with Duke's bureaucracy as well. "I'm not fighting for me to take a vacation to China," says Kurtzberg, who puts in 100-hour workweeks. "I'm fighting for the patient. But this administration has gotten much more business oriented."

The Duke bureaucracy, she complains, has become removed from the patients, which she thinks is just the way they want it. Kurtzberg picks up the fax from the Russian boy and says, "You can't make those decisions with a letter like this on your desk." Then she adds, "If this kid showed up in my clinic, I wouldn't turn him away."

—By Dick Thompson

More Science ... And Much More Money

TUESDAY 5:15 PM DR. ROBERT CALIFF, arguably one of the most important people at Duke Med, is on a flight to Washington, where he is scheduled to lead an international strategy session on how heart-failure drugs should be studied. As director of the Duke Clinical Research Institute, he is charged with doing whatever he can to take the guesswork out of medical care, and he has a specific statistic he wants to change. "Only 15% of the decisions a doctor makes every day are based on evidence," he recites.

Califf knows doctors cannot base every decision on the evidence since there is never enough. But he believes medical scientists can do a lot more to codify what works best. "We're in an era where we can no longer afford to guess whether things are beneficial," says Califf. And Duke officials believe his DCRI, which coordinates a worldwide network of clinical investigators, will make Duke a leader in evidence-based medicine, driving down costs at the medical center without harming health while bringing in millions of dollars in funding from pharmaceutical firms.

To help doctors make more informed decisions, Califf has created what may be the biggest clinical-research machine of its kind in the world. He has gathered a staff of 750 physicians, statisticians and computer jocks in a $44.8 million high-tech high-rise on the edge of the medical center. DCRI is currently coordinating 12 international studies, involving more than 1,500 clinical investigators in 35 countries. With net revenues this year projected to top $55 million (up from $30 million in '96), DCRI has the potential of becoming the largest single profit center at Duke.

DCRI has been designed to find vital but frequently obscure medical information. Califf's favorite illustration involves an antiarrhythmia drug that had passed clinical trials, was approved by the FDA and was being given to thousands of patients before it was discovered that the drug was killing some patients. "You'd think that doctors would notice people falling over dead," says Califf. "But these things happen over years." These problems not only happen over time; they also often happen in patients who had other medical conditions that might have killed them. And they happen amid a large pool of people who are doing well on the drug.

Califf thought that such "hidden" information would be easier to find if studies were done on enormous groups of patients.

BOB BACHA FOR TIME

WHAT'S BEST? Califf, right, is working to discover what keeps both patients at Duke and its bottom line healthy

TUESDAY 4:45 AM OPERATING ROOM 12 Brown is not paralyzed, but that's the only good news. Fourteen people, including six surgeons, all dressed in dark-blue scrubs and full-length lead aprons (to protect them from X rays), are trying to put him back together again. One of the surgeons sews Brown's bifurcated tongue together. Scott Levin, head of orthopedic surgery, examines an array of X-ray images on the wall light box and observes, "His wrists are totally smashed."

5:14 AM OR 12 Levin's team begins work on Brown's left wrist. Pins are drilled into the bone above and below the wrist, and a rod is attached between them. The pin-rod set will keep the fractures stable while they heal. As he tightens the apparatus, Levin is asked if he ever thinks about controlling costs when he is in surgery. "All the time," he says. In fact, Levin says, he selected this pin-rod set because it was hundreds of dollars cheaper than its chief competitor. "It doesn't have a lot of bells and whistles on it, but the design continues to improve."

5:27 AM OR 12 The facial surgeon pokes forceps into one of the bloody holes in Brown's face and pulls out a string of teeth. "These are no good," he says as they clatter into a metal dish.

In 1985 Genentech backed the idea. At the time, European researchers had reported that the biotech company's clot-busting drug, TPA, worked no better, yet cost far more, than the standard clot buster. If TPA was to survive, it had to quantify its benefits to insurers. With a fortune on the line, Genentech turned to Califf. Within two years, Califf and the Cleveland Clinic organized a network that enrolled 41,000 patients. Conclusion: compared with the standard drug, TPA saved more than 2,000 lives a year.

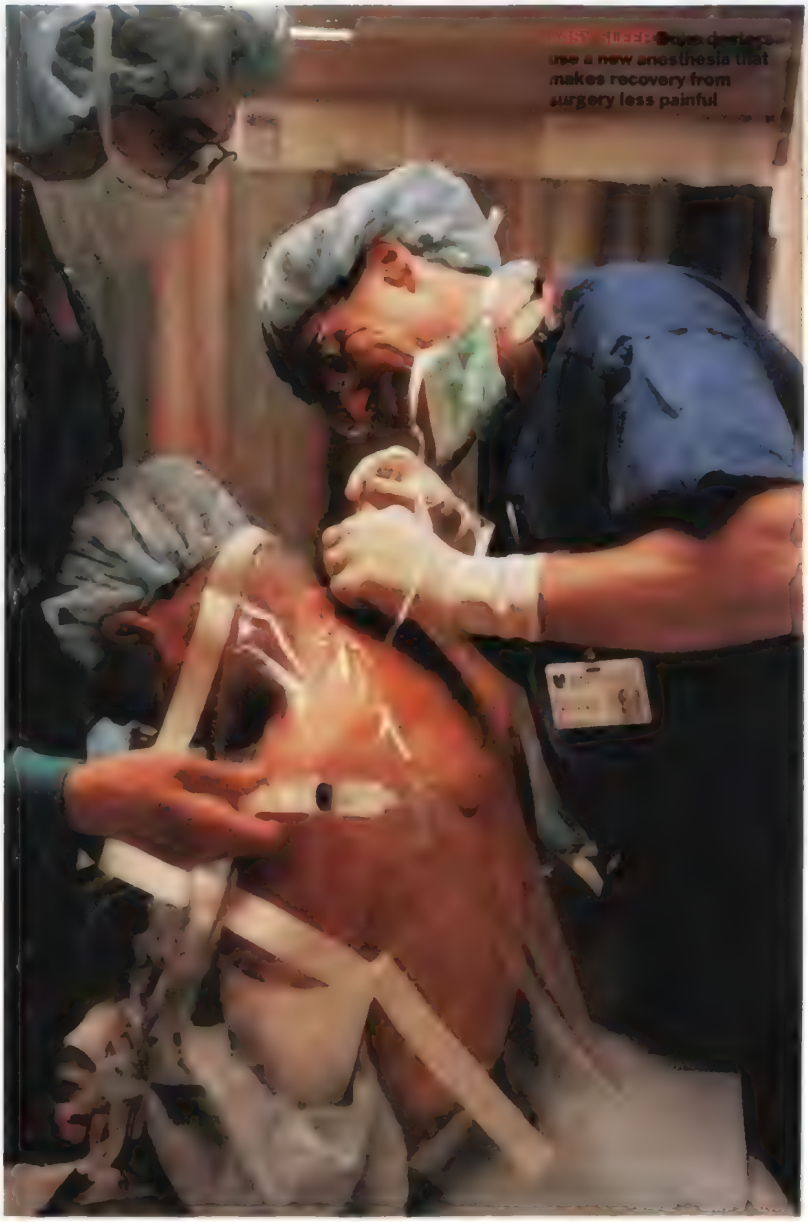
This "large, simple trial" has become standard for DCRI. And DCRI continues to do trials to determine the health benefit of products already on the market.

Science also wins in these studies, says Califf. By funding the trials, pharmaceutical companies inject clinical-research centers with new revenue. And Califf ensures that data collected from the study belong to the researchers, so that the results are published no matter what the outcome.

The studies also give the clinical investigators a mountain of information to mine. About 150 research papers flowed from the Genentech study alone. And scientists are able to piggyback studies onto DCRI jobs that would otherwise be difficult to fund. For example, for the Genentech study, scientists were able to investigate the difference in heart patients treated in the U.S. and Canada. Result: Canadian patients felt their quality of life following a heart attack was not so good as it was for similar patients in the U.S.

Support for such evidence-based medicine is mixed at Duke. Some physicians argue that the approach cannot measure such ambiguous outcomes as quality of life. Other critics are worried that such "cookbook" medicine will further erode a doctor's freedom. And with increasing funds coming from drug companies—such as Ciba-Geigy, Hoffmann-La Roche and Glaxo—many people at Duke are concerned about industry's growing influence over research.

All good arguments. Still, it seems to be time for someone to find out what works best in medicine. —*By Dick Thompson*



Drug designed to use a new anesthesia that makes recovery from surgery less painful

NICOLE BENGIVENO—MATRIX FOR TIME

6:34 AM AMBULATORY SURGERY CENTER Dr. Roy Greengrass inserts a needle at six different points along Mattie Becker's bony back, above, and injects 4 ml of local long-acting anesthetic each time. Two weeks ago, Becker, 62, had a routine mammogram that revealed a suspicious mass. Today her right breast will be removed. She is only sedated during the surgery; a paravertebral block will numb the region around the breast. Anesthesiologist Greengrass has pioneered the use of the block at Duke. Under it, patients experience less pain following surgery, and that reduces hospital stays from a few days to a few hours. Six hours after the initial injection, Becker leaves the hospital. "I'm feeling fine," she says.

10:15 AM PEDIATRIC ICU His stuffing isn't as sturdy as it used to be, but Cole Wilkins' pet giraffe helps prop up the boy's spirits. To discover why Cole keeps passing out, the 12-year-old has had an

DUKE STATS

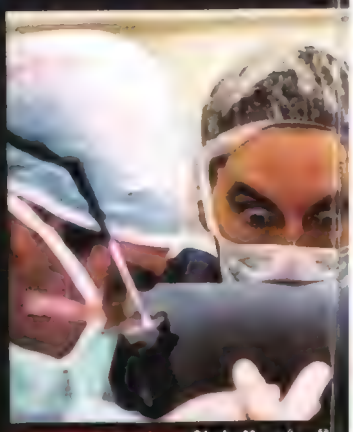
More than 80,000 light bulbs are replaced annually in the hospital, clinic and research buildings. Not one is an energy saver. The greenish glare could irritate patients' eyes.

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A HOSPITAL

LONG DAYS, LONGER NIGHTS

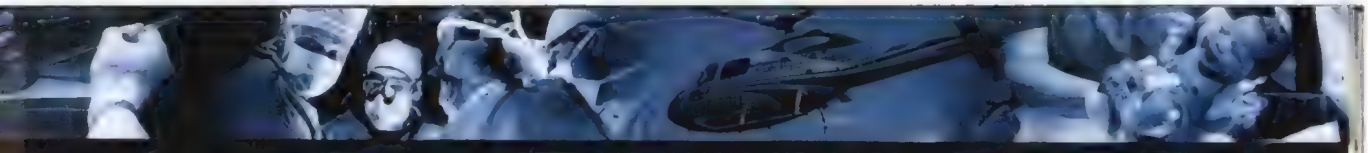
A hospital never goes to sleep: the robot in the pharmacy dispenses drugs 24 hours a day with nearly 100% accuracy; a chaplain dozes in the sleeping room, with a beeper; doctors work late into the night, and residents rotate overnight duty every three nights, crashing on couches in the lounge and grabbing snacks from vending machines after the cafeteria closes at 3:30 a.m.

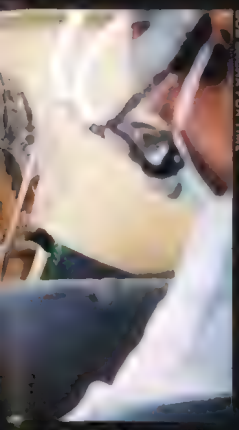
IN THE HYPERBARIC CHAMBER, under 30 lbs. per sq. in. of pressure, Thomas Tumey prepares for a skin graft by enriching his blood with oxygen



ANESTHESIOLOGIST Chris Kerr is all "living/related" liver transplant that

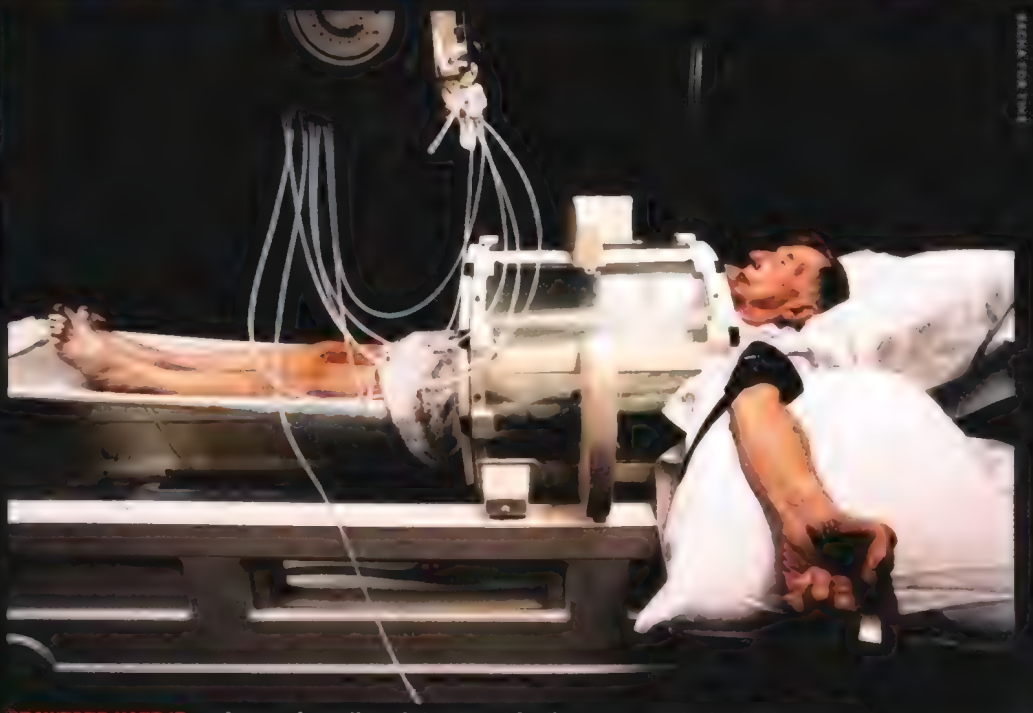
CAN ONE BABY SAVE ANOTHER? Julia Beatty, age 8 months, receives a cord-blood transplant to treat Krabbe's disease, a disorder in which lipids are





eyes during a
lasts almost a whole day

not metabolized correctly



CRAWFORD HART JR. undergoes hyperthermia treatment for the tumor attached to his backbone

TRIANGLE HOSPICE cancer patient Sue Lougee, 78, with her daughter Carol, holds a picture of her younger self

A Test of the Healing Power Of Prayer

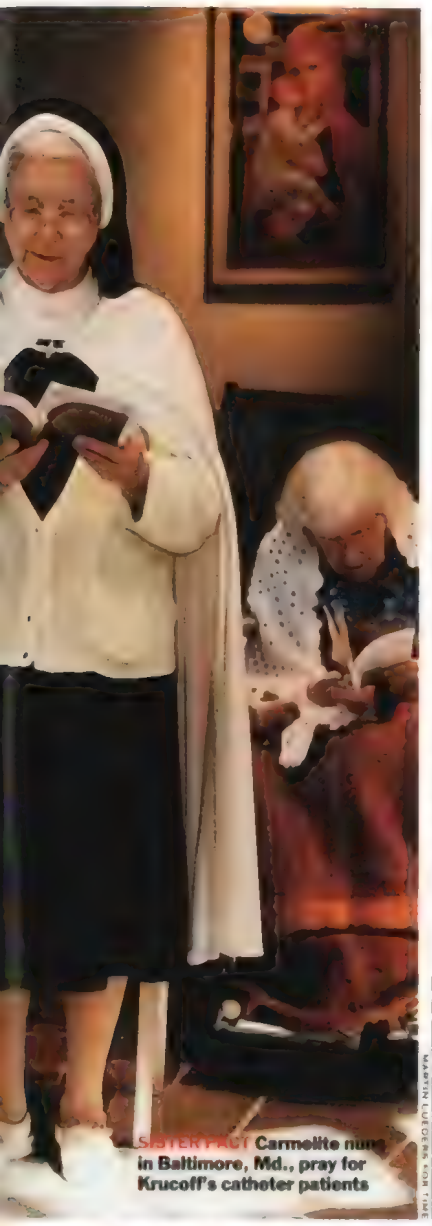
WEDNESDAY 11:53 AM "PLEASE SURROUND BRUCE Stephens with your loving, healing light. Thank you. Thy will be done. [signed] Mantra." Nurse-practitioner Suzanne Crater taps the SEND panel on her screen, and Bruce Stephens, being prepped for coronary angioplasty in the next room, receives another Duke service: prayer. Crater has entered Stephens' name with the Virtual Jerusalem website, which inserts prayers in that city's Western Wall. She will also e-mail or phone it to Buddhist monks in Nepal, a Carmelite convent near Baltimore, an interdenominational Christian prayer center in Missouri and several other congregations—all of which will entrust it further to some Higher Force. Only when the requests have gone out will Dr. Mitchell Krucoff insert a catheter, and eventually several buttressing stents (small mesh devices to prop open the vessel), into Stephens' coronary artery.

Today's cardio-spiritual activity may not be standard, but it flows from Duke research. Krucoff and Crater have already finished the first part of Mantra, a pilot study to determine, among other things, whether prayer by strangers might influence the medical outcomes of 30 patients in Krucoff's cath lab at the Durham VA hospital. The project, whose symbol is a valentine-style heart with an angel hovering near one lobe, is too small to be statistically meaningful, but the results—the outcomes of those prayed over were 50% to 100% better than those of a control group—were sufficient, as Krucoff puts it, to be "intriguing." He and Crater will present them at an American

echocardiogram this morning. Now he is being fitted with a Holter monitor that will record his heart functions over the next 24 hours. Cole's cardiologist has ordered an electroencephalogram for this afternoon. Perhaps by tomorrow the data will yield a clue as to whether his problem is in his heart or his head.

12:35 PM PULMONARY CLINIC The healthier an organ-transplant recipient is at the time of surgery, the greater the chances of survival. To keep some potential heart-lung hopefuls as healthy as possible, Duke pulmonologist Victor Tapson has been using a promising drug called Flolan as bridge therapy. But having hope in a bottle is not much good unless patients can afford it. Managed-care companies generally balk at paying Flolan's $100,000-a-year price tag. So, as part of his practice, Tapson works with a full-time nurse and a respiratory therapist who shepherd patients through the program. They are also advocates for their patients with insurance companies. Admits therapist Abigail Krichman: "Sometimes it's a real battle."

1:28 PM HEART-TRANSPLANT UNIT Dorothy Bradley, right, the woman who has occupied the room next to Maria Torres, is packing to leave just one week after receiving her new heart. A



SISTERLY ACT Carmelite nuns in Baltimore, Md., pray for Krucoff's catheter patients

MARTIN LUEDERS FOR TIME

Heart Association meeting in November, and the duo hope to begin a full-bore, statistically powerful study next year. Meanwhile, for patients who want them, they see no reason why the intercessions should cease. —*By David Van Biema*

An M.D. as CEO Redraws the Big Picture

WEDNESDAY 1:00 PM ON THE SECOND FLOOR of the Duke Clinic, Dr. Ralph Snyderman is making rounds. That would be nothing special if he didn't run the place. Snyderman is chancellor of Duke University Medical Center, so for him to be looking in on patients is a bit like Bill Gates debugging code on a Windows program. Still, it's something he does one month every year, usually in June, like most other doctors at Duke. Right now he's checking on the progress of James McAllister, 73, who has a spinal tumor. McAllister is doing well enough to leave a high-cost intensive-care ward soon for rehabilitation. "That's better for him," says Snyderman. "And cheaper for us."

That's how Snyderman has to think. As Duke's CEO, he's both doctor and businessman. More than that, he's the chief visionary behind Duke's risky refashioning of itself as a health "system," one he's gambling will prove profitable enough to subsidize Duke's money-losing missions in teaching and research. Once, Medicare payments and privately insured patients paid for everything, no questions asked. Now HMOs question everything. The Balanced Budget Act, passed by Congress last year, will mean big cuts in Medicare payments, which, when added to the pervasive weight of managed care, threaten to suffocate places like Duke.

The hard start to his plan has the hospital cutting $30 million annually from its $654 million costs for at least three years. It gets more controversial after that. His real gamble is to push Duke into a range of new businesses—all aimed at creating something like a health-care shopping mall, with everything from its own HMO to primary-care clinics, retirement communities and hospice care, for a good part of the surrounding population.

What Snyderman is doing is not unique, but it is much talked about in medical circles. If it works, he's a genius. If it doesn't, Duke could go the same route as the University of Minnesota, which sold its hospital, or the University of Pennsylvania, which reported a $40 million deficit this year. Much of the money for the expansion comes from borrowing—$280 million. But Snyderman is convinced that growth will pay off, in no small part by making Duke the hospital of choice for enough patients and doctors that it can obtain more favorable contract terms from HMOs for patient care. "What we need is sufficient market clout that we cannot be rolled over," he says.

CEO DR. RALPH SNYDERMAN visits a cancer patient

NICOLE BENGIVENO—MATRIX FOR TIME

Few doubt that Duke needed to change in order to survive, but to some doctors Snyderman represents a shift of power

BENGIVENO—MATRIX FOR TIME

NASCAR fan, she is looking forward to getting back to the stock-car track near her home in Rockingham, N.C. Her husband Philip, who is helping her pack, retired from his job in January so that he could care for his wife full time. Before leaving, Bradley gives Torres a small vase of flowers. She hugs the woman with the new heart and says, "I wish it was me that was going home, but I'm happy for you."

3:40 PM HANES HOUSE, MEDICAL SCHOOL CLASSROOM "This can't be true. Are you sure? Oh, God, no! No!" The patient dissolves in tears, and Matthew Ellis, the first-year medical student who has just

DUKE STATE

More than 900 human brains have been donated to Duke to further research on Alzheimer's disease. One-third of the brains were collected within three hours of death.

from the stethoscope to the calculator. In 1993, he replaced a longtime department chair with a doctor who also held an M.B.A. A group of dissidents petitioned Duke's board of trustees protesting the changes. But Snyderman survived, and last May his contract was extended again for five years.

Not a few Duke doctors complain that the volume of patients they must see each year has exploded. "Doctors are expected to do patient evaluations in 10 minutes," says a former division chairman at the hospital. "We used to have 30 to 40 minutes." Periodically, harried clinical researchers get profit-and-loss statements that compare the costs of their scientific work with the revenue they generate through patient care.

The effort to control costs has also led to more standardization of medical practice, which doctors accustomed to answering only to their own instincts don't like. In recent years the hospital has adopted written treatment guidelines called clinical paths or care maps for two of their largest departments. Among other things, the maps attempt to rein in costs by guiding doctors away from unnecessary testing or the priciest medications. The guide for postoperative liver transplants has 21 items that advise, for example, just when to provide warming blankets—and when to order blood tests.

Another purpose of the care maps is to help move patients more quickly toward discharge. To be sure, shorter stays are not all bad. Infection rates decline, and moods improve: Who wants to stay in a hospital any longer than he has to? And much of the reduction has been accomplished simply by reducing bureaucratic bottlenecks and redundant bedside visits. But that approach is also risky. Cardiac patients hustled out after five or seven days may not be in a mood to recommend the place to others. Duke's slogan is "Brilliant Medicine/Thoughtful Care." Snyderman knows he has to deliver on the second half. He also knows that, for all the risks of changing the system, the risks of doing nothing are worse.

—By Richard Lacayo

Residents: The Doctors of The Future

WEDNESDAY 3:20 PM

DR. MANISH SHAH IS TRYING to figure out why Thelma Shoe's nose keeps bleeding. At least once or twice a week, the 73-year-old has been getting nosebleeds that last up to an hour. Shoe's no stranger to the clinic; she has emphysema, cirrhosis of the liver (from medication she took for tuberculosis), and has already had heart-bypass surgery.

Shoe was Shah's first patient at Duke's outpatient clinics three years ago, when he was a first-year resident, and the two have established a comfortable rapport. "Oww, that hurts!" she says, wincing as he inserts an otoscope into each nostril. "That hurts? I'm not even touching you," he counters as he peers into her nose. Shah suspects that the bleeds are triggered by her dry nasal cavities and recommends an over-the-counter nasal saline spray, available at any drugstore. He spends a few more minutes chatting with Shoe, then reminds her to return in a few weeks for a flu shot.

This is Shah's classroom, and patients like Shoe are his textbooks. Now in his last year of residency in internal medicine, he spends two afternoons each week at the clinic, seeing patients under the supervision of an attending physician who must approve every medical decision he makes. Only the short length of his white coat betrays his status as a doctor-in-training—an M.D. after four years of medical school, he examines patients, writes prescriptions, orders tests and fills out insurance forms.

Even at a hospital like Duke, where the emphasis is on specialty and cutting-edge medicine, almost half the 130 residents in the department of medicine are training to

INSTRUCTION Clinton Leiweke provides fresh body parts for surgical residents

informed this poor woman that she has diabetes, right, is not feeling too good either.

Time out, calls the instructor. This is a role-playing exercise that teaches medical students, now wearing their new white coats and Duke ID badges, how to act like doctors. A psychiatrist guides them through the questions that will soon be

second nature to them: What brings you to the clinic? Can you describe the pain you're feeling?

Today they are learning how to deal with an emotional patient, played by actress Kim Alton. Fellow student Lindsay Biggers advises Ellis, "You have to remember that because she is so upset—what you're saying to her, you'll probably have to

ANDRE LAMBERTSON FOR TIME

hotgun Shane," and his wife, Kim

the whole time. We have two more hookups to go." She hugs Kim, who tells the doctor, "I ain't leaving. Thank you."

While Hunter has a new liver, the question of who will pay for it lingers on. PHP insists that it told Duke it would pay. But pay what? "They made an offer," says Robbins. "But they never agreed to pay the hospital bill." PHP fires back that anyone in the business knows that if an insurer "authorizes" a procedure, it means the patient is no longer liable, the hospital will get paid—something. Complicating this particular case is the fact that URN, PHP's liver carrier, has been negotiating with Duke over a liver-capitation deal for months, and neither side wants an individual case to take control of that process.

SUNDAY 11:45 A.M. KIM HUNTER is back at her husband's side in surgical ICU. He is earnestly retelling the story of his encounter with an angel, which Tuttle has heard. "Sometimes this immunosuppression stuff makes you wacko," she confides, then adds quickly, "but some of this is interesting."

After exhorting him back to consciousness, the angel lifted him up out of his bed, Hunter excitedly tells visitors, and carried him right up through the roof of Duke North, out into the morning light, where his wife and sister and parents were waiting. They were laughing and crying together in the joy that he was back. "It's like being born all over again," says Hunter. Kim allows that they are members of Russell Memorial Presbyterian Church back in Greenville but that Todd hadn't been in a while. "I wasn't a churchgoer before, but I am now," declares Hunter. "This here has changed my life."

In so many, many ways. Assuming his new liver takes, which to date it has, Hunter will be on immunosuppressants for the rest of his life. In the first year alone, that will cost him about $1,500 a month. The likelihood that, as Shotgun Shane Sawyer, he will ever again wrestle is virtually nil. As he heals physically, he must be on guard for the intense feelings of anger, even depression, that typically besiege transplant patients. And he should make peace with his managed-care provider as soon as possible. For someone with a "pre-existing" medical condition like Hunter's, the odds of switching insurers are probably less than the odds of an angel dancing on the walls of a Duke ICU. —*By Barrett Seaman*

A Chaplain's Painful Rite of Passage

FRIDAY 7:30 PM

"EVERYTHING'S QUIET." "Everything's cool." "Don't worry—if we need you, we can page you." One by one, the late-night nurses for each intensive-care unit politely tell Michael Baker to get lost. Baker understands. "Basically," he shrugs, "the staff doesn't know me from Adam's house cat."

Baker is a chaplain, a new one. Chaplains train at DUMC much as doctors do. There are interns like Baker, residents, supervisors and administrators. But while medical interns spend years in painstaking study of death's repertoire of plague, bone break and bodily corruption, the chaplaincy interns are Duke Divinity School students. They learn on the job.

Baker has never done a death. He is 25, tall, with solemn, deep blue eyes and a wispy Vandyke. A divinity grad student from Roxie, Miss., he has spent his first two weeks here on a ward that has thus far seen no deaths. But tonight, from 6 p.m. until 6 a.m., he is the on-call chaplain for the entire hospital. In his pocket is a sky-blue beeper that will sound the moment someone's vital signs fail. He wonders how he will respond. Last night's on-call was faced with the death of an eight-year-old boy mangled by dogs. "I don't know if I could have ..." Baker begins and then trails off.

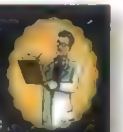
"Mikey! These folks might be able to use your services!" On the second floor, just as another nurse is telling him nothing is going on, a voice rings out from down the hall. It is a divinity-school colleague who also pastors a local church. Some congregants are here with an uncle. Exploratory surgery has just shown that he's riddled with cancer and has perhaps four months to live. When he wakes, they will tell him. Baker asks if he can help. Not

care at Duke." Cole was discharged Wednesday evening, but he will be back to determine whether the preliminary diagnosis of mild epilepsy holds up.

SUNDAY 10:00 AM SURGERY WARD Simon Jacks, assisted by his wife Brenda, makes his way up to the fifth floor to see his son Lamont. The 13-year-old is still on a ventilator, but his doctors say he is doing well. Jacks senior will be released the following Monday; Lamont will be in the hospital a few more weeks. Altogether, their stay at Duke will cost $284,116.

10:30 AM MEDICAL CENTER CHAPEL Maria Torres, now in her 148th day of waiting for a new heart, attends church with her husband Luis and daughter Nicole. She prays for a new heart, and to be forgiven for hoping that there will soon be a death that will produce a transplant heart for her. "I ask God for forgiveness for thinking this way," she says. "But somebody's tragedy is going to be my life."

DUKE STATS



Duke disposables: approximately 4 million syringes, 5.6 million pairs of gloves, 900,000 suture needles, 29,000 children's and 770,000 adult gowns are distributed annually.

A WEEK IN THE LIFE OF A HOSPITAL

just now, the family says gently. Later he will write neatly in the chaplain's log that tomorrow "family and patient may need to verbalize this matter."

One floor up, a woman crouches, shaking, at a window. Her husband entered the hospital for what she thought would be a "1-2-3" heart-valve operation. There were "complications," and he is back in the operating room. Baker fetches tissues and asks if they can pray. She says yes. He crouches by her in the dark hallway. He prays for God's presence and for the surgeon's hand.

He walks away red-eyed, talking about empathy. Women in distress are especially troubling to him. His mother was found to have lung cancer in 1984 and got radiation treatments. When the disease returned in 1988, "when it was hopeless," she fled back to the Southern Baptist roots of her childhood. The hellfire sermons and finger-pointing bothered the 15-year-old Michael, but he felt they might be worth it if God cured her. One morning, "at about 2:45," her coughing was loud enough to wake him. His father told him "it was nothing"—that he would just take Michael's mother to the hospital. When she never came out, Michael was furious—at God: "a bastard. This woman had run back, saying, 'I'm sorry I'm sorry I'm sorry,' and now he had killed her."

Baker is back in the chaplain's sleeping room, a monk's cell with a TV on gimbals. He left the Southern Baptists but eventually found God again in Methodism, which he felt downplayed sin in favor of God's grace. In Baker's theology, illness and death are not divine punishment on one woman for her weaknesses but rather a symptom of our collective distance from God. Our first disobedience let chaos into our world: chaos can be human sin; it can be a genetic predisposition for cancer. We are all shattered vessels, and death must come. Yet God's grace, like Super Glue, can begin to restore wholeness before death, and grace may flow even through a lowly novice chaplain. Baker apologizes for running on; he is tired and retires to sleep.

He is dreaming—the images look like TV cartoons—when the beeper goes off. It is 2:55 a.m. Marilyn Yopp, a police detective's secretary in Jacksonville, N.C., suffers from thymoma, a rare cancer. She was admitted to the oncology floor recently with an even rarer symptom, a disfiguring full-body rash that, her sister Doris Del Castilho explains, "started as tiny flakes of skin and then got bigger and opened up like a flower." A few minutes ago, she asked Del Castilho to help her turn over in bed, when suddenly "her eyes rolled up. I heard them say, 'I don't get a heartbeat. I don't get a pulse.'"

ANDRE BAMBERGER FOR TIME

MICHAEL BAKER The new chaplain offers his presence and God's

As Baker arrives, CPR is still going on; the code team has shoved a tube down Marilyn's throat to pump air into her lungs. Baker prays with Del Castilho as the doctors push epinephrine and atropine through an IV. Briefly, there seems hope of stabilization, and Yopp is wheeled to the medical ICU. But two hours later, after multiple IV infusions, resident Timm Dickfeld takes one last turn at CPR, punishing Yopp's chest almost savagely, then stops. "Call the code," says someone. "Call it." Dickfeld finally accedes. "Over," he says. He makes a chopping gesture. Yopp is dead. It is 5:29.

BROOKS KRAFT—SYGMA FOR TIME

Baker is looking at Yopp's lifeless body. But he is seeing a different woman—and feeling an unexpected rage. "Why, Dad?" he is thinking. "Why in hell didn't you drag me out of bed? I was thinking, well, at least *they* get to see their mom." The sequence lasts "about a twentieth of a second" before Baker enters the room where the Yopp family waits. Before God takes over.

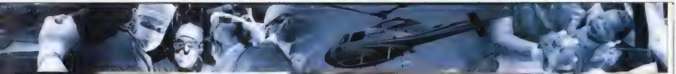
"Father, be with us in this time of loss," says Baker, standing at the head of a cluttered table, his hands joined with those of Del Castilho, Yopp's husband Horace, the couple's daughter Lora Marshburn and son Trey. "Help us as a family to feel your presence near to us. Paul said God never places more on us than we can bear. Help us to be each other's strength, and to support each other during this time of hurting. Help us to know that it is O.K. to cry."

And they are helped, to the extent a broken vessel can be helped. Later Del Castilho will send "Chaplain Michael" a note thanking him; Horace will agree, "Yessir, to me he seemed young, but I guess we all got to start somewhere." Tonight the new widower says simply, "She's gone to a much better place." Then the family, Michael Baker at their side, enters Marilyn Yopp's room, where Marshburn lays her head against her mother's face and cries, and cries, and cries.

—By David Van Biema

12:00 PM SURGERY WARD A nurse suctions fluids from Willie Brown's tracheostomy tube. He "is doing really well," says Dr. Steven Vaslef of the trauma center. Brown is scheduled to have some plates and screws put into his facial bones the following Wednesday. When he is released from the hospital later in the month, his uncollected bill will be a staggering $77,850.

2:00 PM TRIANGLE HOSPICE "They got me so full of pain pills I can't feel anything but good," says Susan Lougee, 78. "Makes me talk a lot, though." Many of her stories circle back to how she arrived here. She developed severe back pain on Aug. 23; tests showed an aggressive form of lung cancer already spread to her liver. Stunned, she was told she had three weeks to live or months if she underwent chemotherapy. Family experience led her to decline the chemo. This Duke-owned hospice provides a humane environment to die in. Most patients are over 65, but there have been breast-cancer patients in their 40s and a few newborns. Lougee receives her painkillers in a sunny room with a floor-to-ceiling window and a view of a blooming crape myrtle and a pond. A volunteer plays piano in the common room. "I never dreamed I'd end up in such luxury," Lougee says.



SUNDAY, 9:02 PM

Vicki Lee, 20, has been in active labor for an hour and a half. She is surrounded by an aunt, a sister, a niece and a delivery-room nurse. The soon-to-be-born baby's father, Alrecka McDougland, who works for Duke Hospital in food services, hovers at the door. "I'm a little nervous," he confides. For the past few minutes, Lee has been yelling "I can't" whenever the nurse and her aunt tell her to push. "I can't do it. It hurts," she says. "Oh, God, it's hurting!" But the baby appears, headfirst, and a moment later lands in the doctor's arms, letting out a wail. "It looks like a girl," the doctor says. Lee's aunt is ecstatic, jumping up and down and running out the door to tell Lee's mother. "Her name is Alrecka McDougland," says Lee. McDougland begins to play with his daughter's tiny fingers. Within minutes, the baby's eyes are open, and she gazes up at her mom and dad, ready to begin life.

SEVEN DAYS AT DUKE MED

In the course of one week in the life of this hospital:

- [illegible] babies were born
- 10 people died, five of them infants
- [illegible] surgeries were performed
- [illegible] patients were delivered by Life Flight
- [illegible] more came in by ground transport

IN A LEAGUE OF THEIR OWN

Four top directors prove that their breakthrough films were no flukes

By RICHARD CORLISS

YES, YES, WE'VE HEARD IT ALL. CIGARS, HAIR GEL, the whole political-entertainment complex of prurience. We're Degeneration X; nothing can shock us. So it's almost salutary that, in a Manhattan screening room last week, a film could provoke audible gasps. Not much happens on screen: just a conversation between a man and his 11-year-old son. But because the chat is about the boy's frustration in trying to achieve his first orgasm, and because the father is a pedophile on the prowl, and because the scene is played with the whispered solemnity of a *Father Knows Best* tête-à-tête, this scene goes directly to the viewer's guts and lodges there like a twisted thrill. Imagine: in this wicked world there are still taboos, and artists with the nerve and skill to break them.

The film is Todd Solondz's *Happiness*, winner of the International Critics' Prize at this year's Cannes Film Festival and already the fall's succès de scandale. "I realize some of the material is shocking," Solondz told TIME, "but it's out there in the media every day. Celebrities are always talking about their own abuse. TV news programs discuss the atrocities of children being killed or raped. It has a freak-show quality; it's titillating. Still, I don't think anybody could use the word titillating about my movie. I hope people see there's a certain ... integrity to the proceedings."

He's right. The sick kick of the scenes in *Happiness* is integral to the pageant of misery and yearning—of the all-American pursuit of happiness, in forms simple or bizarre—that is Solondz's great theme. His intent, to cleanse by shocking, is just as important. In an age of creeping movie sameness, *Happiness* resounds as a declaration of independence.

And of American independents in the '90s. Think of what U.S. films would be like—no, don't, it's too depressing—without the emergence of off-Hollywood auteurs like Kevin Smith (*Clerks, Chasing Amy*), David O. Russell (*Flirting with Disaster*), Noah Baumbach (*Kicking and Screaming*), Kasi Lemmons (*Eve's Bayou*), the brothers Hughes (*Dead Presidents*) and Wachowski (*Bound*) and, of course, the dark lord Tarantino. They're here to stay, but not as colleagues or competitors. "Directors like Quentin don't need to top some other director,"

HAPPINESS
BUDGET: $3 million

LAST FILM: Welcome to the Dollhouse (1996)
BUDGET: $800,000

"I'm interested in the pe


TODD SOLONDZ
His family epic *Happiness*, opposite, with Gazzara, Boyle, Adams, Lasser, Stevenson, is the superb film no studio is releasing
e you see in the supermarket."

says indie-film guru John Pierson. "Their fear is how to top themselves."

This has been a top year for indie cinema. Fertile talents have emerged: Don Roos (*The Opposite of Sex*), Darren Aronofsky (*π*) Tommy O'Haver (*Billy's Hollywood Screen Kiss*). Familiar renegades prove they can expand on their obsessions: Hal Hartley in *Henry Fool*, Neil LaBute in *Your Friends and Neighbors*. An old timer like James Ivory displays renewed grace with *A Soldier's Daughter Never Cries*. And this fall four filmmakers who made a collective splash in 1995 and '96 are presenting works that offer hope for a better, bolder American moviescape.

Bryan Singer, whose last film was the crisply devious crime thriller *The Usual Suspects*, has narrowed his focus from that film's gang of five to a two-hander in *Apt Pupil*, from a Stephen King story. The other three directors have bought a big canvas (at a cut rate) and splashed strange people on it till it's as busy as a Bruegel. Solondz has a dozen major characters trudging through *Happiness*. Stanley Tucci, the co-writer, co-director and star of everyone's favorite Italian-food film, *Big Night*, has created a shipful of fools in his farce *The Impostors*. Todd Haynes, known for his furtive, paranoid parables *Poison* and *Safe*, goes widescreen and handsome to summon the ghosts of glam-rock in *Velvet Goldmine*.

All these filmmakers are bumping into one another at the crossroads of Independence Highway and Career Boulevard. At this intersection there are many collisions, some artistically fatal. Directors can take the small-and-noble path, which may consign them to the fringe approval of the critics. Or they can take go Hollywood. There they may find readier financing for their off-center dreams; but they may also be on the fast track to hackdom, scrounging for films chosen by studio bosses. They pay your money and they take your choice—your independence.

Indie auteurs, consider this advice from Hollywood's ultimate insider. "Your lean budgets and low risks offer you a gift of a lifetime," says Steven Spielberg, "and if your first few films are very successful, it might be the last time you enjoy those gifts. At first you get to make your movies from the protoplasm of your creativity, intuition and passion. That virgin spring starts to dry up once the offers flood in; now you're adapting the dreams of others and, pretty soon, simply working for hire. It sometimes takes massive success to force yourselves back into your original delivery rooms where you can once again work comfortably from your hearts and guts."

Tucci got those offers, and faced just that decision, in the wake of *Big Night*'s modest box-office take. "It wasn't just food movies," he says, "though there were some of those, and it wasn't just ethnic stuff. I got comedies, dramas, melodramas, tragedies." But Tucci, finally sprung from the saturnine-villain roles (*Billy Bathgate*, *Murder One*) that both fed and trapped him, had his eye on a story he had been mulling for years. The idea became *The Impostors*, an $8.3 million opus (*Big Night* cost $4 million) that Tucci describes as "a little Heidegger, a little Buster Keaton."

And a lot Laurel and Hardy—think a snappier *Saps at Sea*—except that the Stan and Ollie here are Tucci and co-star Oliver Platt. Tucci, incapable of a gross moment even in the slapstick, seasick exertions of shipboard burlesque, nicely approximates Laurel's high, piping whine as counterpoint to Platt's unctuous exasperation. They are two actors stowed away on a '40s-ish ocean liner, ever scurrying from a British stage star who wants them arrested, gelded, dead. Also onboard are a deposed queen (Isabella Rossellini), a gay tennis player (Billy Connolly), a Teutonic chief steward (Campbell Scott) and a suicidal, sub-Sinatra crooner (Steve Buscemi, in the film's funniest turn).

The plot takes as many turns as the actors, who fall down way too much. But that too much was perfect for Tucci. To foment zaniness, he created the "Jambon d'Or"—the Golden Ham—an award given daily to the actor "who went the furthest in their shamelessness. The winner got to keep it overnight. The next day you had to give it back. It was an independent film; you had to share the same award."

Tucci dwells blissfully, for now, in Indieville. Singer, who was extravagantly courted by Hollywood (after 25 companies had rejected the $6.6 million-budgeted *The Usual Suspects*), is ready for Hollywood, on his terms. "My goal," he says, "is to bridge that gap between the independent and the mainstream film." *Apt Pupil*, a big subject compacted into a wee space and a tidy $15 million budget, may fall between the two. A bright high-schooler (Brad Renfro) learns that an old Nazi (Sir Ian McKellen) is living in his small town. The two strike up a symbiotic suspicion, each playing nastier games than the other knows and revealing more of his disease than he knows himself. If *Apt Pupil* is never so cagey as its characters, it's smart about displaying the evils of which ordinary men are capable. It surely hasn't slowed Singer's rise to big-budget status; his next film, *X-Men*, will cost at least $80 million.

There's nothing sinful about a hefty budget. That comes with big stars, special effects, a large crew, gourmet catering. Even on the indie circuit inflation is a fact of life. Haynes' 1991 *Poison* cost $350,000; the 1995 *Safe* came in at $1 million; and *Velvet Goldmine* is about a $9 million production. But what a production! There hasn't been such a smartly gaudy spectacle of musical raunch since Ken Russell's *Tommy* back in 1975, when

BILL FOLEY—FOX SEARCHLIGHT (2)

STANLEY TUCCI Inside every movie villain a clown capers. With his pal Platt, left, Tucci, right, gave himself a farcical field day

the road to excess was carpeted in spangles.

Boldly appropriating both the format of *Citizen Kane* (inquiring reporter seeks the secrets of a pop star) and the legends of David Bowie, Iggy Pop, Brian Eno and Roxy Music, Haynes fashions a fresco of seductive grotesques—notably the Iggy-esque Curt Wild, whom Ewan McGregor inhabits as a writhing punk-sprite. The Bowie-ish star, Brian Slade (Jonathan Rhys Meyers), is consumed by success, whereas the real Bowie always looked in control of his eminence. But, hey, you go to a musical for the numbers, which are brilliantly conceived and played. Does the milieu seem starched, grandiose, fake? Why, sure. "The whole film is faux," Haynes says, "because everything in glam rock came from somebody else." *Goldmine* is like a cover recording that's better—certainly cannier, maybe more decadent—than the original.

BRYAN SINGER For his first studio film, Singer, right, didn't round up the usual suspects; he cast Sir Ian McKellen as a Nazi

Happiness doesn't easily admit to comparisons; though it carries echoes of *Manhattan*, *Nashville* and Hartley's pictures, it has a unique equipoise of soap opera and slasher film. After Solondz's scabrous little preteen angstathon, *Welcome to the Dollhouse*, earned more than $4 million on a budget of $800,000, October Films sponsored his next, $3 million project. But October was pressured this summer by its corporate parent, Universal Pictures, to dump the film. It will be released, unrated, by its own production company.

Dollhouse exuded a fashionably deadpan contempt for its characters. *Happiness* shows a deadpan sympathy for its denizens; and since one of them (Dylan Baker) is a child molester, another (Philip Seymour Hoffman) an obscene phonecaller and a third (Camryn Manheim) a lonely woman skilled in the use of kitchen cutlery, this tenderness is challenging. Scary.

A little epic with a big brazen title, *Happiness* traces the discontents of three sisters—miserable Joy (Jane Adams); pert Trish, the pedophile's wife (Cynthia Stevenson); and best-selling poet Helen (Lara Flynn Boyle)—their beaux and parents (Louise Lasser, Ben Gazzara). The prime setting is New Jersey, which Helen describes as "a state of irony." The whole film could be said to live there—a place where vile acts rub up against a Mantovani rendition of *You Light Up My Life*.

Maybe this is the ultimate black comedy. Or it could be a loving story about the most unlovely folks. "In a way," says producer Christine Vachon, "it is the ultimate horror movie, where the people next to you at the office are incredibly evil." But the spookiest character, Gazzara's, is the man who feels nothing, is in love with no one, does not pursue happiness. And the sweetest, awfullest moments are in the connection between a normal kid (brave Rufus Read) and his mad, bad dad. "He's not a demon," Solondz says of the father; "he's possessed by a demon. He's a predator—and a tragic figure who loves his son."

Solondz depicts a world in which, as Jean Renoir said, everyone has his reasons. Reasons to love, to hurt, to go on living. Some people—those moviegoers with nerve and a need to see the most potent and upsetting tragicomedy of the year—will have good reason to see *Happiness*. In doing so, they will celebrate the enduringly ornery spirit of independent cinema. —*Reported by Georgia Harbison/New York and Jeffrey Ressner/Los Angeles*

TODD HAYNES In his weird and desperate vision of glam rock, Haynes, left (with Rhys Meyers), provides style and scuzz to spare

DIVIDING LINE

Jack E. White

Dumb and Dumber

Is a new sitcom set in the Civil War in bad taste? No, it's just plain old bad

THE PEOPLE RESPONSIBLE FOR *THE SECRET DIARY OF Desmond Pfeiffer*—a moronic sitcom scheduled to make its debut on UPN this week unless the network experiences a late and totally unprecedented attack of good taste, common sense and plain old decency—describe it as a "high concept" period comedy. That must mean they were smoking some dynamite stuff when they dreamed it up.

No one, not even in Hollywood, would have ventured out with a show based on the preposterous premise that during the Civil War, an English nobleman of Moorish descent somehow winds up in America, where he maneuvers himself into a position on Abraham Lincoln's kitchen staff, unless he or she were intoxicated. Once they sobered up and checked out the pilot episode—a heavy-handed, totally unfunny spoof of the current White House scandal—they would have asked themselves, "What were we thinking?" and pulled the plug on the series out of sheer embarrassment.

As if some black folks needed another reason to conclude that when it comes to race, some white folks still just don't get it. After a tape of the Pfeiffer pilot got out, it set off yet another overheated racial contretemps in Los Angeles. Like actors following the script of a bad sitcom about political correctness, a coalition of black organizations and politicians pulled out the rhetorical artillery to try to force UPN to cancel Pfeiffer (the *P*, as what passes for witty dialogue on the show constantly reminds us, isn't silent) before it ever airs. "The show trivializes the suffering and pain of African-American people during the period of slavery. It distorts and exploits history and desecrates the bones of our ancestors!" thundered Danny Bakewell, president of the Brotherhood Crusade, a black activist group. Last week he led pickets outside the Paramount studios, where Pfeiffer is shot. "They wouldn't do anything comedic about the Jewish Holocaust, and rightfully so," said Bakewell. The Los Angeles city council unanimously passed a motion introduced by a black member, Mark Ridley-Thomas, requiring a community screening of the pilot and directing the city's human relation commission to report back within 10 days on whether the show is appropriate for broadcast.

Those actions gave UPN president Dean Valentine a pretext for wrapping himself in the banner of artistic freedom, as any savvy television executive would do if one of his shows came under fire. "If I was a creative person in Hollywood, I would be packing up my bags and heading for Nevada," Valentine declared. "In a city that has a host of social problems, including crime and poverty, potholes and a broken-down transit system, one would think the vast power of the city council could be put to better use than analyzing UPN's Monday-night schedule." Still, in an attempt to defuse the flap, the network yanked the pilot and substituted an episode titled "Abe Online," which depicts the Great Emancipator (played by Dann Florek) carrying on an illicit romance via the telegraph.

Pfeiffer's creators, Barry Fanaro and Mort Nathan, who once wrote for *The Golden Girls* and who are white, claimed that making light of slavery was the furthest thing from their mind. "We thought there was a way to do an over-the-top satire about the Clinton White House by disguising it as the Lincoln White House," Fanaro explains. "We came up with the idea that there is this English nobleman, and we would show everything through his eyes. Then we thought, 'What if it was a black guy who was an English nobleman, a well-spoken, well-educated man who has his own manservant?'" Don't tell me Fanaro and his partner weren't on something when they conjured up these ideas.

Lincoln (Florek) and his butler (McBride) are TV's new odd couple

Having now gone way beyond the call of journalistic duty by suffering through tapes of two episodes of *Pfeiffer*, I think both sides are missing the point. It's a lousy show, but it's too trivial to justify all the umbrage Bakewell and his allies are heaping on it. Although watching it may be an assault on human dignity, *Pfeiffer* is not about slavery. That subject doesn't even come up except in a couple of lame one-liners. It's more about sex, or at least juvenile double entendres about sex, and potty humor. But the central character—unlike those on the old series *Martin* on Fox, *Def Comedy Jam* on HBO and many of the other so-called urban-oriented programs that have drawn large African-American audiences in recent years—is no buffoon. In fact, as played by portly Chi McBride, he's the smartest character on the show.

On the other hand, the decision to air this nonsense reflects a considerable insensitivity on UPN's part. *Pfeiffer* is ridiculous, even by sitcom standards. The network has enjoyed so much success in attracting black viewers (who last season made up 45% of its prime-time audience) that it may have deluded itself into thinking that African Americans will tolerate whatever it deigns to throw at them, regardless of the quality. There's a good way for black viewers and everyone else to disabuse them of that patronizing notion: emancipate themselves from the TV set the moment *Pfeiffer* comes on. —*With reporting by Jeanne McDowell/Los Angeles*

When did you enjoy your first sip of Jack Daniel's? Write and tell us.

A TENNESSEE HAY WAGON, seldom seen these days, reminds us of the way Jack Daniel got his whiskey business rolling.

A young Jack Daniel often traveled the road to Huntsville, Alabama in a wagon much like this one. (He would hide his whiskey under the bales to protect it from highwaymen.) If you appreciate a smooth sippin' whiskey, you'll be happy to know we still make Jack Daniel's using the same methods Mr. Jack did. And, perhaps, even happier that we've found faster ways to deliver it to you.

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Burning Bright

Joni Mitchell on her new daughter, new CD and the sad state of pop

By CHRISTOPHER JOHN FARLEY

DOROTHY LOW FOR TIME

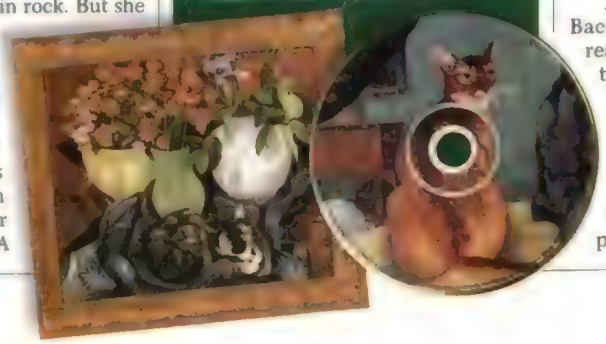
JONI MITCHELL KEEPS HER OWN TIME. Twenty-nine years after Woodstock, 29 years after she turned back en route to playing the original, generation-defining concert because she had heard about the mud, heard about the traffic, heard that it was all a disaster anyway, 29 years later, she is at "A Day at the Garden," a memorial concert held in August at the site of the original festival in Bethel, N.Y. "Took 30 years to get here," she cracks as she takes the stage. The crowd at that first Woodstock was half a million strong; at this sequel it's about 20,000 weak.

No matter. Mitchell is in a good mood and in good voice, and she delivers a jazzy, ebullient set, floating through a few songs from her latest CD, *Taming the Tiger*. Then, alone with her guitar, she offers up a spare, resonant reading of her gently anthemic song *Woodstock*. "We are stardust ... And we've got to get ourselves back to the garden ..." she sings. The lyrics seem to belong to another age, an era of idealism and Abbie Hoffman and moon landings and electric Kool-Aid acid tests and B-52s bombing the Ho Chi Minh Trail. But even as she sings, Mitchell is planted in the present. There's a rootedness about her; she's too grounded to be carried off by gusts of nostalgia. She keeps her own time.

With protest songs such as *Big Yellow Taxi* and classic folk-pop albums like *Blue*, the Canadian-born Mitchell established herself as one of the most important singer-songwriters in rock. But she doesn't consider herself a folkie; she sees herself somewhere between Miles Davis and Bob Dylan—unclassifiable. She has bebopped with Charles Mingus and explored African rhythms with the warrior drums of Burundi. A record store of younger artists—Seal, Sarah McLachlan, even Janet Jackson—has acknowledged her influence. Virtually every act on the first Lilith Fair owed her a debt, if not royalties. But because she's been so groundbreaking, so musically mercurial, she has not always reaped the critical and commercial rewards she so richly deserves.

"The industry dropped me for 20 years," says Mitchell, now 55. "They wouldn't let me in. No matter what I did, they wouldn't let me on the radio [or] on MTV." She says most of what she hears on the radio is "crap." "It's all about Wall Street now. And the record is just a poker chip. And these, you know, artists are going willingly into the slaughter." There are, however, a few things she likes. "Most of my favorite artists are black," says Mitchell, who admires James Brown, Etta James and Duke Ellington. "All modern music is black." She also has nothing but praise for Janet Jackson's song *Got 'Til It's Gone*, an R.-and-B. reworking of Mitchell's *Big Yellow Taxi*. But she has mostly contempt for alternative rock. "Everybody says Kurt Cobain was a great writer. I don't see it," Mitchell says. "Why is he a hero? Whining and killing yourself—I fail to see the heroism in that."

"I think like a painter," says Mitchell, whose album amounts to a gallery of her latest captivating artworks



Taming the Tiger doesn't sound like anything else on the radio right now; that's both the CD's strength and its burden. Mitchell refuses to rest easily in the folk-pop genre she helped establish. *Tiger* is composed of crystalline tones: breezy guitars that ring like wind chimes; crisp, jazzy vocals. A few of the songs attack pop radio ("Boring!" she sings). On other numbers Mitchell gets more personal, recounting her mother's disapproval of a live-in boyfriend. Mitchell's reply: "For God's sake!/ I'm middle-aged, Mama." And on the album's best song, *Harlem in Havana*, Mitchell summons up childhood memories of sneaking off to watch risqué carnival sideshows. "Aunt Ruthie would have cried," she sings. "If she knew/ We were on the inside."

In the past, Mitchell's introspective song lyrics have been laced with references to a haunting event from her youth. In 1964, when Roberta Joan Anderson (Mitchell's given name) was 21, she gave up her daughter for adoption. Last year, however, Mitchell and her daughter Kilauren Gibb were reunited. The singer says she is now learning how to be a mother. "It's tricky to mother someone who's a grown woman," she says. "We've had a couple of skirmishes already. We worked our way through them. She was going through second teenage rebellion with me. It's interesting."

At a time when acts like 'N Sync and Backstreet Boys cavort in the upper reaches of the charts like kids atop a treehouse, a CD such as *Taming the Tiger*, whose title song was inspired by 18th century poet William Blake, is a tough sell—unless you're selling it to fans of 18th century English poetry. But Joni will be Joni when the trends have trended out. To paraphrase Blake, she still burns bright. ■

Don't Call It Fusion

But who says you can't play Latin jazz on a tabla or make the dreaded *Eleanor Rigby* swing?

By BRUCE HANDY

FUSION IS BACK, ALTHOUGH IT NEVer really went away, as the piles of gold lying around Kenny G.'s house would prove if only we could see them. Confused? Here's a brief refresher:

In the '60s, many jazz musicians found themselves marginalized by rock and soul. Then in 1970 Miles Davis received the first gold record of his life, for *Bitches Brew*, a sonic eye opener that experimented with electric instruments and rock and funk rhythms—a strange, primal, remarkable album. Soon, however, a whole generation of musicians was squandering its talents on increasingly vapid (though profitable) jazz-rock hybrids that came to be called fusion. Known today as smooth jazz, or as "that crap they play when Regis and Kathie Lee go to commercial," fusion continues to thrive; it even has its own *Billboard* chart. But in more sober musical circles, it is considered a kind of moral stain.

And yet unsmooth jazz has grown restive again. Recent months have seen a number of albums push the boundaries of the music, making thoughtful attempts at mixing jazz with contemporary pop or, even more promisingly, world music. And so on one hand you have woodwind player Don Byron cutting *Nu Blaxploitation* (Blue Note), an album of overtly political funk and rap; it's not an entirely felicitous concept, but what a treat to hear Byron's clarinet—the fuddy-duddy instrument of Woody Allen!—snaking in and out of dark, fertile electric grooves. On the other hand you have saxophonist David Murray recording his latest album, *Creole* (Justin Time), in Guadeloupe with local musicians, his bluesy, barrelhouse tenor joyously mixing it up with Caribbean rhythms and melodies—for Africa's musical diaspora, a frequent-flyer-age reunion.

Jazz musicians are also beginning to grapple with the wealth of potential standards written after 1960, an off-and-on trend renewed in earnest a few years ago when vocalist Cassandra Wilson turned the Monkees' *Last Train to Clarksville* into a torchy, caramelized ballad nearly worthy of Billie Holiday. Herbie Hancock followed with *The New Standard*, an entire album of rock-era tunes in which he improvised on changes derived from the Beatles, Sade and Kurt Cobain, among others. Joshua Redman's forthcoming *Timeless Tales (for Changing Times)* (Warner Bros.) covers similar ground, with songs by Joni Mitchell, Stevie Wonder and the Beatles again; included is a winning, credibly swinging version of *Eleanor Rigby*—some surprise for those of us who will slowly peel the skin off our faces if we ever hear the original again. But isn't transformation (and occasionally transcendence) one of jazz's raisons d'être?

"We're coming up on the new millennium. It's time to tamper with things," says Christian McBride, a 27-year-old bass player who has recorded with everyone from Betty Carter to Diana Krall. *A Family Affair* (Verve), his third album as a leader, was released last summer. It includes some smart electric tunes (though listeners who actually lived through the 1970s may not be eager to reacquaint themselves with the sound of Moog synthesizers) but reaches its peak with an acoustic, rhythmically virtuosic version of the Sly Stone title song that somehow manages to swing while also suggesting the original funk beat. McBride says he's trying to provoke: "How many more concept albums can you handle? Such and Such plays the music of Gershwin—a lot of that is getting so tired." He points out that when it comes to pop, his generation grew up listening not to Frank Sinatra and Nat King Cole but to Stone and Michael Jackson; it's only natural that, having already explored the standard standards (i.e., their grandparents' pop), adventurous young musicians would now want to explore music they themselves once made out to.

Another kind of agenda is advanced by Danilo Perez's *Central Avenue* (Impulse!), one of the fall's most passionate and enjoyable albums. Perez wants to broaden the Latin jazz palette beyond Cuba to embrace the entire hemisphere. And why stop there? In one cut, the 32-year-old pianist works in motifs from his native Panama as well as Brazil, Cuba, the Middle East (via Spain) and, thanks to the contributions of a tabla player, India. Perez sees a pendulum effect at work: after a period of retrenchment, jazz, as it often has been in the past, is in a more acquisitive mood. "It's like religion," Perez says. "We are all looking for the oneness in music. To me that's the force that moves an artist." Playfulness and wit seem to get a few licks in too, all of which may even give fusion a reputable name. ■

MICHAEL HALSBAND—IMPULSE! RECORDS

DANILO PEREZ: Spanning the globe and bringing it all back home

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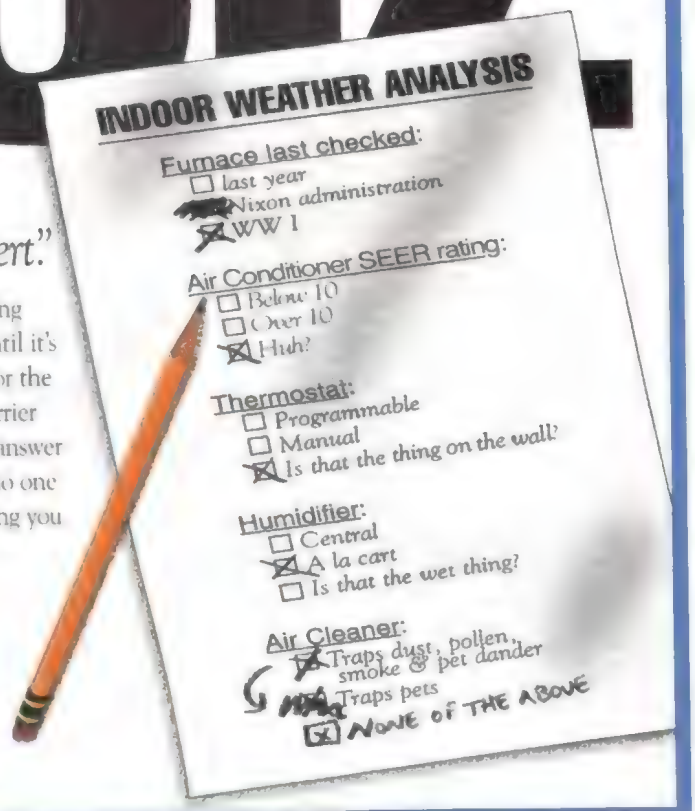

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VIDEO

Serial Thriller

Les Vampires is as fresh and fast as it was in 1915

IRMA VEP SEEMS TRAPPED. THE QUEEN of the Paris underworld is hiding in her attic as the police storm upstairs. Fortunately, she keeps 100 ft. of rope for just such exigencies. She coils it around her waist, climbs out the window and falls, twirling like a runaway yoyo, till she lands seven stories below. Vice triumphant!

And ageless melodrama in all its florid glory. This scene, from Louis Feuillade's 10-part serial *Les Vampires*, was shot in 1915, the year of *The Birth of a Nation*. D.W. Griffith's epic, a masterpiece of film form, creaks today. But *Les Vampires*, with thrill upon stunt upon criminal chicanery, is as modern as *Rush Hour* or *The X Files*. In Waterbearer Films' ravishing 6-hr. 40-min. video edition, restored by David Shepard with its color tinting and

EXALTED EVIL: Divinely demonic Musidora as Irma Vep, muse of the Paris underworld

long-lost intertitles, *Les Vampires* is revealed as the prototype and apotheosis of every hurtling action film and devious crime thriller to follow.

The Vampires are a Paris gang preying on the rich and eluding their nemesis, a crusading reporter. He is the nominal hero, but the villains are the stars: smarter, snazzier. They scamper over the roofs of Paris in their Spider-Man skivvies; they perform the great stunts; they are the master spies, the mad bombers, the killer caterers. And in Irma Vep (played by Musidora, fetchingly saturnine in pancake makeup and black tights), *Les Vampires* gave us film's first modern woman. No wonder the Paris police banned an episode for depicting "exalted evil."

With all due respect to Griffith, *Les Vampires* was the movie event of its year. And now of this one. —**By Richard Corliss**

Better Red than Dead?

A mesmerizing novel revisits a harrowing time

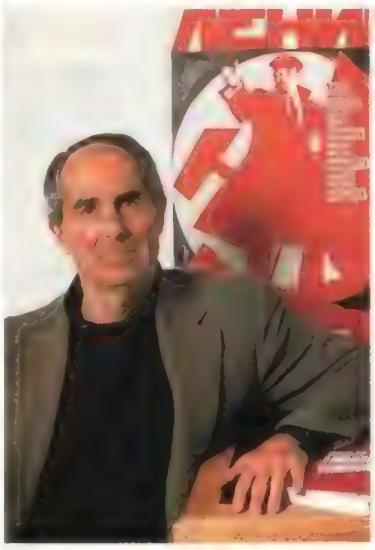
A JEWISH MAN FROM Newark, N.J., achieves worldly success and happiness only to have his life ruined by his deranged daughter. That is the central story of Philip Roth's *American Pastoral* (1997), which earlier this year was awarded a Pulitzer Prize. Now comes Roth's *I Married a Communist* (Houghton Mifflin; 323 pages; $26), which portrays a Jewish man from Newark, N.J., who achieves worldly success and happiness, only to have his life ruined by a deranged *step*daughter. Anyone who thinks these two plots are too similar to justify separate novels probably has not been paying attention to Roth's career. He has spun whole cycles of fiction around the same, or very similar, characters trying to cope with the unvarying problems of their lives. Repetitive stress is Roth's grand comic theme; his genius shows up in the variations.

American Pastoral portrayed the impact on a single family of public events during the turbulent 1960s. *I Married a Communist* sets the calendar back to the late '40s and early '50s, the era of Red baiting and McCarthyism in the U.S., when communists, actual or accused, were hounded into disgrace and unemployment or jail. One of them, according to Roth's novel, was Iron Rinn, né Ira Ringold, a gangly (6-ft. 6-in.) son of Newark who had circuitously risen, after his military service during World War II, to become a prominent radio actor in Manhattan. Ira's new fame brings rewards. He marries Eve Frame, a one-time star of silent films, then Broadway and now radio, and moves into her elegant Greenwich Village townhouse, where Sylphid, Eve's 23-year-old daughter from a former marriage, also resides.

Ira's downfall, in typical Rothian fashion, is filtered through the textures of separate memories. One of them belongs to Nathan Zuckerman, Roth's long-time fictional impersonation, who as a high school student had been befriended and bedazzled by Ira at the peak of his glory. The other narrative voice is that of Murray Ringold, Ira's elder brother and Nathan's long-ago high school English teacher. Now 90, Murray meets Nathan again and decides to talk about a troubled past: "I'm the only person still living who knows Ira's story, you're the only person still living who cares about it." Murray laughs. "My last task. To file Ira's story with Nathan Zuckerman." Nathan responds, "I don't know what I can do with it."

What Zuckerman/Roth does with this imagined material is constantly mesmerizing. Library shelves groan under the weight of books published about the witch hunts and blacklistings during the Truman and Eisenhower presidencies, but it would be hard to find one among them that presents as nuanced, as humanly complex an account of those years as *I Married a Communist*. Nathan, for example, learns from Murray that Ira was a victim of the mania of his times but not an innocent one. He was a dedicated communist who lied to everyone, including Nathan's father, about his adherence to the dictates of Moscow. On the other hand, the forces that destroyed him were not particularly admirable either, beginning with an ill-chosen wife and her vindictive daughter. But even they are not really, in Roth's novel, ultimately culpable. At the end, Nathan stares at the night sky and imagines the stars as the deceased people in his story, freed from praise or censure, burning bright. Roth's fiction achieves at this moment the transcendence of elegy.

—By Paul Gray



NANCY CRAMPTON

REPETITIVE STRESS: Roth again works brilliant variations on a familiar theme

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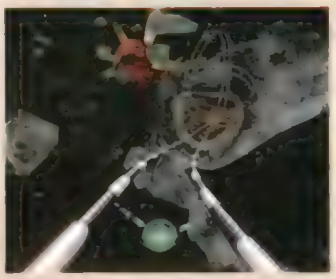
MUSIC

SHADES OF BEY ***Andy Bey*** This vocalist had the misfortune to come of age in the early '60s, just when male jazz singers were going out of style. Unrecorded for 22 years, Bey, now 58, issued a comeback CD, *Ballads, Blues and Bey*, in 1996. On this follow-up, he makes dramatic use of his four-octave range against spare but inventive arrangements of tunes from the further reaches of the great American songbook. On ballads, Bey's voice can have a humanizing tightness, a vulnerability that draws a listener in. But when the tempo quickens he can really belt it out; the New York *Times* aptly dubbed him a "hard-bop foghorn." *—By Bruce Handy*

PSYENCE FICTION ***Unkle*** Guest-star-heavy albums are like award shows: far less entertaining than the sum of their performers. But the debut by the duo Unkle (made up of James Lavelle, owner of Mo' Wax Records, and trip-hopper DJ Shadow) is an exception. Its guest roster includes Radiohead's Thom Yorke, the Verve's Richard Ashcroft and Beastie Boys' Mike D. The album also surveys the sounds of trip-hop, hip-hop and indie rock. Despite its disparate parts, a sustained mood is achieved. You know the way you felt the first time you saw *Pulp Fiction*, before the hype or the backlash? Listening to this album feels like that. Very cool. *—By Christopher John Farley*

THE WILLIAM KAPELL EDITION ***William Kapell*** He was on his way to becoming the greatest American pianist of the century when time ran out on William Kapell. Before he died in a 1953 plane crash at 31, he had everything: looks, charisma, unrivaled musicality, technique to burn. Now his complete recordings—concertos by Beethoven, Prokofiev and Rachmaninoff, solos by Chopin, Debussy and Liszt, duet performances with Jascha Heifetz and William Primrose—have been reissued as a nine-disk boxed set, allowing a new generation to be dazzled by his recreative genius. Best of all is a live broadcast of the Copland piano sonata that seethes with passion and force. Hear it and marvel at what might have been. *By Terry Teachout*

KICK



CYBER CYCLONE: It's do-it-yourself coaster thrills on CyberSpace Mountain at DisneyQuest, the huge video arcade in Florida's Walt Disney World. Visitors design their own ride, including broken track and 360° loops, then are strapped into a pitch-and-roll simulator for 90 seconds of disorienting fun. Fret not, coaster geezers: though you don't go far, you can still get motion sickness.

BOOKS

CINDERELLA & COMPANY ***Manuela Hoelterhoff*** This chatty smorgasbord is nominally about Cecilia Bartoli, but the greater part is a hilarious collection of anecdotes, gossip and shrewd observations concerning that unique branch of humanity, the opera singer. Tenors are uncommonly stupid; divas, when they are not scarfing down pasta, are outrageously unreliable. The imperious troublemaker Kathleen Battle, feeling chilly in a limo in Los Angeles, is said to have telephoned her manager in New York City and ordered him to call her driver to ask him to turn down the air conditioning. A nervous Deborah Voigt, waiting backstage for her entrance, absentmindedly ate a prop chicken. Opera buffs will munch happily too on these nuggets. *—By Jesse Birnbaum*

BAG OF BONES ***Stephen King*** A bag of bones is what Thomas Hardy supposedly deemed even "the most brilliantly drawn character in a novel." Mike Noonan has been unable to find his bag since his wife's death left him with a nasty case of writer's block. His nights are haunted by her ghost and visions of Sara Laughs, his summer home named after a "Negro" singer from the 1900s. Mike returns to that home to confront its secrets. An exorcism is in order, but that task is interrupted by Mike's battle to save a leggy blonde and her daughter from a ludicrously evil duo. Alas, the novel's spirits have more flesh than the humans, who barely qualify even as bags of bones. *—By Nadya Labi*

CINEMA

ANTZ ***Directed by Eric Darnell and Tim Johnson*** This is the kind of Woody Allen comedy Woody Allen no longer makes, the story of Z (voiced by the master himself), a timid, neurotically oppressed, sexually obsessed, glumly funny urban male who somehow stumbles his way to conditional happiness. That his urb happens to be an ant colony, his beloved (Sharon Stone) its overindulged princess and his nemesis (Gene Hackman) a fascist general mounting a coup adds a nice weird touch to the tale, as does the dark-toned computer animation. Kids may be puzzled by rebellious worker ants chanting Marxist slogans, but their parental guides may welcome the relief from the prevailing blandness of family films. *—By Richard Schickel*

MUSEUMS

THE WORLD OF KURT WEILL Not merely the composer of *The Threepenny Opera*, Weill in his short life produced a large body of music that fuses opera, jazz, musical theater and cabaret. Through Dec. 3, New York City's Museum of Television & Radio is screening a cornucopia of performance tapes, including rarely seen made-for-TV versions of his ballet-opera hybrid *The Seven Deadly Sins*, his Broadway musical *Lady in the Dark* and his American folk opera *Down in the Valley*. A TV bio, interviews and an eye-popping array of musical clips complete a rich portrait of a unique artist. *—By William Tynan*

LEGAL NOTICE

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Please read this legal notice

Notice is hereby given, that proposed Settlements have been reached in the class action lawsuits, *Quin v. Masonite Corp.*, and *Cosby v. Masonite Corp.* Plaintiffs in both *Quin v. Masonite Corp.* and *Cosby v. Masonite Corp.*, allege that the Masonite products are defective, causing Class Members to suffer damages. Defendants vigorously deny these allegations in both lawsuits.

Settlement Hearing

A hearing will be held before the Hon. Robert G. Kendall, located at Government Plaza, 205 Government Street, Mobile, Alabama, 36644 at 9:00 a.m. on January 6, 1999 to determine whether the proposed Settlement Agreements on file with the Court are fair, reasonable adequate, and in the best interests of the Settlement Classes and whether a Final Judgment should be entered approving the Settlement Agreements.

Masonite Woodruf Roofing

Who is Involved?

You are a member of the Settlement Class in *Quin v. Masonite* if you owned or own Property on which Masonite Woodruf Roofing has been incorporated and installed in the United States and US Territories from January 1, 1980 to the Date of Final Order and Judgment in this Action.*

Product Description

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Complete information about your rights as a Class Member, the Settlement approval process, how to exclude yourself from the Settlement Class, how to object or comment on the Settlement, and how to make a claim for repair or replacement costs including important dates and deadlines is available in the Notice of Proposed Class Action Settlement for each lawsuit. To obtain a copy:

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The Honorable Robert G. Kendall, Judge of the Circuit Court

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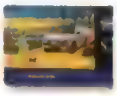

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Michael Krantz

Watch Your Tracks

Your online profile—where you go, what you buy—is vulnerable. Here's how to protect it

RUN A SEARCH ON YOUR PC'S HARD DRIVE FOR THE phrase "User Profile," and you'll find a long list of items like this: "yahoo.comTRUE/FALSE 3262463 493 Y v=1&n=82iosk148jr9n." This gibberish is just one in a series of digital snapshots of my recent online travels: what websites I visited; what pages I viewed and for how long; what I bought, downloaded or printed. What's more, every site I visit can send programs called "cookies" down the phone line into my machine to snag this data and either use it to try to sell me something ("He spends time at E! Online? Let's spam him with that *Titanic*-for-$5 offer!") or sell my "profile" to some other marketer. Yikes.

For years, of course, everyone from insurance adjusters to credit-card companies has made money swapping consumer profiles like baseball cards. But the Web is bringing this great American pastime to new levels of invasive splendor. Ironically, one of the most attractive features of the Net—its ability to customize content instantly—morphs smoothly into one of its most sinister: the ability to monitor who you are and what you're doing online, even as you do it.

It's not just the embarrassment factor we're talking about here: the guy whose wife checks out his log and finds the porn sites he hit last night. Consider how much other personal data could become available as we conduct more and more of our lives in this (thus far) happily unregulated world—investing and paying our bills online, filling our prescriptions, etc.

How forthright have websites been about telling users what data they're unwittingly providing? Not very. Last spring the Federal Trade Commission studied 1,400 sites and found that only 14% had posted privacy statements of any kind (though 71 of the 100 busiest sites did so).

While a Senate committee last week approved legislation that would authorize the FTC to regulate the profiling of children, the agency seems willing to let the industry clean up its own act with regard to adults. Enter TRUSTe, a nonprofit group that has persuaded 270 of the Web's most popular sites to post and abide by statements telling what data they collect from visitors, how they use that data and how visitors can restrict that use. Web leaders such as America Online, Microsoft and Netscape plan an announcement this Wednesday to address privacy concerns.

Some, though, are skeptical that a voluntary system will work. "If anybody's going to make money off your identity," says Fred Davis, chief executive officer of the software start-up Lumeria, based in Berkeley, Calif., "it should be you." And, of course, Fred Davis. Due in early 1999, Lumeria's software will, among other things, help you control your data, keeping nosy marketers from grabbing your profile unless you let them. In fact, Davis thinks companies will eventually pay for the privilege ("Hey, visitor No. 85834: we see you bought *Titanic* last week. We'll give you 500 frequent-flyer miles to tell us your name, age and income!").

For now, here's how you can keep those pesky cookies away. If you use Microsoft's Internet Explorer, choose Internet Options under your View menu, click the Advanced tab, scroll down to the Cookies subsection and choose "Disable all cookie use." If you use Netscape Navigator, go to Edit Preferences under the Edit menu and choose Advanced, then "Turn all cookies off." But be warned: many sites won't let you in if your browser rejects cookies, and others will harass you with dialogue boxes urging you to accept one. ■

Krantz is a TIME *technology writer. Josh Quittner returns next week. See* **time.com/personal** *for more about online privacy.*

RICK NEASE FOR TIME

"Bet on Bill" Gambling Site

THE ONLINE-BETTING SITE WORLD SPORTSbook usually sticks to wagers on football, baseball and hockey, but with President Clinton now in the penalty box, he too is fair game. The site (at *worldsportsbook.com*), based in St. Johns, Antigua, lets players wager on whether the President will resign or be impeached. As of last Friday, the odds had impeachment as the least likely scenario, with resignation second least likely.

Tamagotchi for Your Wrist

IF YOU'RE STILL CRINGING FROM MEMories of your kid's Tamagotchi pet, then you would do well to steer clear of a disturbingly similar new noisemaker. Trendmaster's C-Watches ($20) sport an LCD screen with a cartoon character that speaks the time out loud and makes various inane comments throughout the day. Kids can choose from the flatulent Mr. Tooty, an air-headed Girly Girl or an ill-humored Hothead. Luckily, there's a kill switch for the sound effects.

Call-Waiting for Netheads

ANYONE WHO LOVES TO SURF THE Web but has only one phone line will appreciate HotCall, a device that alerts you to incoming calls while you're online. Sold by Command Communications in Aurora, Colo., for $140, HotCall is a small box that lights up and beeps when you get an incoming call. You can ignore the call, take it for as long as 10 sec. while your Internet connection waits on hold or terminate your Net connection. Users must also have the standard call-waiting service from their phone company to use HotCall.

—By Anita Hamilton

RICK NEASE FOR TIME

Fries Don't Count

We're eating more vegetables, a new study shows—but still not enough of them are green

YOU KNOW YOU SHOULD EAT YOUR VEGETABLES. YOU know they help protect you against cancer and heart disease. But if you're like most Americans, you've heard only half the message. Vegetable consumption has jumped 20% in the U.S. over the past quarter-century, according to a study in last week's issue of *Cancer*. Trouble is, we're still not eating enough of the leafy green vegetables, like spinach, brussels sprouts and broccoli, that do the most to promote good health. Instead half of all the vegetable servings we consume are potatoes—and half of those are French fries.

Don't get me wrong. Potatoes are a fine source of complex carbohydrates and fiber—as long as you eat them in moderation and lay off the sour cream, butter and bacon bits. But you and I both know that French fries, which are soaked in fat, are not the kind of vegetables we need. Just look at the latest results, reported last week, of the Nurses' Health Study, an ongoing research program that is tracking the health habits of more than 120,000 nurses. Researchers determined that women who daily consumed at least 400 micrograms of folic acid—one of the B vitamins—in either leafy green vegetables or multivitamin pills reduced their risk of colon cancer as much as 75% over 15 years. Before you decide to replace broccoli with vitamins, however, remember that there are thousands of healthful compounds in fresh vegetables that simply can't be duplicated in a pill.

So what can you do to add more vegetables to your life? I confess that I had to start by adjusting my attitude. About two years ago, I finally accepted that vegetables are not a punishment designed by my mother. The trick, I found, is to add more pepper, coriander and other spices and not to overcook fresh greens. I'm still looking for a good recipe for brussels sprouts, but one cookbook that constantly has me salivating is *Moosewood Restaurant Low-Fat Favorites*, published by Clarkson Potter.

RICK NEASE FOR TIME

Vegetable Scorecard

- **Our Favorites:** Potatoes and tomatoes are fine unless fried in fat or slathered with cheese. Cooked tomatoes may even reduce the risk of prostate cancer.
- **Still Shunned:** Broccoli, cauliflower and cabbage fight cancer. Spinach and other leafy greens can help lower blood pressure.

Buy fresh produce if at all possible. Canned spinach is a horror. I prefer to wilt 10 oz. of spinach quickly in a covered skillet with a little water and lemon juice or with some garlic and a teaspoon of olive oil. It takes just three minutes to steam broccoli until it's bright green and a little crunchy—and it then retains its vitamins and other nutrients.

Pay attention to serving sizes. When nutritionists talk about eating four to five servings of vegetables a day, they mean half-cup portions. It's not hard to get several servings in a single meal, especially if you add a green salad (the darker the green, the better). But go easy on the dressing or you'll be eating a leafy version of French fries.

Add vegetables and canned beans (full of protein and fiber) to your favorite soups and stews, and try new ones. There's a tomato-lentil soup, spiced with cloves, in the *New Basics Cookbook* (Workman) that tastes so good you'll swear it's bad for you. I turn it into a one-pot meal, with a slice of whole-wheat bread.

Adapt your recipes. Simmer curried vegetables in pineapple juice instead of high-fat coconut milk. Or add steamed broccoli, asparagus or green beans to your regular pasta dish. The point is to find combinations that fit your palate and your schedule. *Bon appétit!* ■

For more on adding a healthy mix of vegetables to your diet, see **time.com/personal.** *E-mail Christine at* **gorman@time.com**

Good News on Lymph Nodes

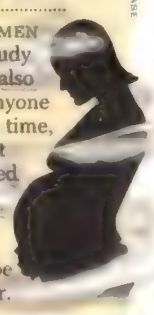
A NEW TECHNIQUE MAY REDUCE THE number of lymph nodes surgeons need to remove to see if breast cancer has spread. Last week a report noted that by using a radioactive tracer, it's possible to pinpoint the few nodes most likely to harbor stray cancer cells—and biopsy just those instead of 20 or more. The advantages: less pain and lower risk of permanent arm swelling.

RICK GORAN—UVM MEDICAL

Bad News for the Fetus

YOU KNOW PREGNANT WOMEN shouldn't smoke. But a study out last week warns they also should avoid breathing anyone else's smoke. For the first time, scientists have shown that embryos in women exposed to passive smoke may develop unique genetic mutations, which researchers suspect may be linked to childhood cancer.

RICK NEASE



Good News on Margarine

HEALTHY MARGARINE? U.S. SCIENTISTS confirmed last week that a margarine called Benecol, sold in Finland, reduces cholesterol. It's formulated with natural cholesterol-lowering compounds known as plant sterols. Just 1½ tsp. a day lowers total count and bad LDL cholesterol 14%. Expect the spread here by early 1999.

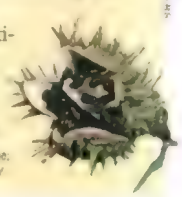
Bad News on Jimsonweed

DON'T LET YOUR KIDS FOOL AROUND with jimsonweed. Also known as locoweed, it grows wild, makes you high—and can be toxic. Kids who have eaten its seeds—including five last week in New Jersey—have become critically ill with hallucinations and seizures.

—By Janice M. Horowitz

Sources: New England Journal of Medicine; Nature Medicine; Mayo Clinic; New Jersey Poison Control Center

JOHN BOVA—PHOTO RESEARCHERS INC.



FREQUENT HEARTBURN SUFFERERS:

If your heartburn medicine works so well, why do you keep getting heartburn?

ASK YOUR DOCTOR ABOUT PRILOSEC

Just one capsule of PRILOSEC daily can provide 24-hour acid control.

If your heartburn is persistent and occurs on two or more days a week, you probably don't have ordinary heartburn.

You may have a potentially serious condition called acid reflux disease (also known as gastroesophageal reflux disease, or GERD). Today doctors can help by prescribing PRILOSEC. It is highly effective in controlling acid production for 24 hours—even after meals, and all night, too—with just one capsule a day.

Available only by prescription. Ask your doctor if PRILOSEC is right for you.

PRILOSEC is generally well tolerated, but it is not for everybody. The most common side effects are headache (6.9%), diarrhea (3.0%), and abdominal pain (2.4%).

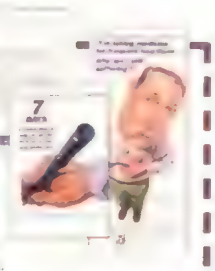
Please read important information on the adjacent page and discuss it with your doctor.

www.acidcontrol.com

FREE INFORMATION KIT

1-800-356-5757

You will receive FREE: a brochure about frequent heartburn, acid reflux disease, and PRILOSEC; plus, a personal heartburn diary, and a symptom questionnaire to help your doctor help you.



JUST ONE CAPSULE DAILY FOR 24-HOUR ACID CONTROL

PRILOSEC®

(OMEPRAZOLE) 20 MG ONCE DAILY

ASTRA MERCK

156874 9/97 0101TIME

Please read this summary carefully, and then ask your doctor about PRILOSEC. No advertisement can provide all the information needed to prescribe a drug. This advertisement does not take the place of careful discussions with your doctor. *Only your doctor* has the training to weigh the risks and benefits of a prescription drug for you.

PRILOSEC®* *(OMEPRAZOLE)*

Delayed-Release Capsules

BRIEF SUMMARY

CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY ***Pharmacokinetics and Metabolism:*** **Omeprazole –** In pharmacokinetic studies of single 20 mg omeprazole doses, an increase in AUC of approximately four-fold was noted in Asian subjects compared to Caucasians. Dose adjustment, particularly where maintenance of healing of erosive esophagitis is indicated, for the hepatically impaired and Asian subjects should be considered.

INDICATIONS AND USAGE ***Duodenal Ulcer:*** PRILOSEC is indicated for short-term treatment of active duodenal ulcer. Most patients heal within 4 weeks. Some patients may require an additional 4 weeks of therapy. PRILOSEC in combination with clarithromycin, is also indicated for treatment of patients with *H. pylori* infection and active duodenal ulcer to eradicate *H. pylori*. Eradication of *H. pylori* has been shown to reduce the risk of duodenal ulcer recurrence. In patients who fail therapy, susceptibility testing should be done. If resistance to clarithromycin is demonstrated or susceptibility testing is not possible, alternative antimicrobial therapy should be instituted. (See the clarithromycin package insert, MICROBIOLOGY section.) ***Gastric Ulcer:*** PRILOSEC is indicated for short-term treatment of active benign gastric ulcer. ***Treatment of Gastroesophageal Reflux Disease (GERD):*** **Symptomatic GERD –** PRILOSEC is indicated for the treatment of heartburn and other symptoms associated with GERD. ***Erosive Esophagitis –*** PRILOSEC is indicated for the short-term treatment (4–8 weeks) of erosive esophagitis which has been diagnosed by endoscopy. The efficacy of PRILOSEC used for longer than 8 weeks in these patients has not been established. In the rare instance of a patient not responding to 8 weeks of treatment, it may be helpful to give up to an additional 4 weeks of treatment. If there is recurrence of erosive esophagitis or GERD symptoms (e.g., heartburn), additional 4–8 week courses of omeprazole may be considered. ***Maintenance of Healing of Erosive Esophagitis:*** PRILOSEC is indicated to maintain healing of erosive esophagus. Controlled studies do not extend beyond 12 months. ***Pathological Hypersecretory Conditions:*** PRILOSEC is indicated for the long-term treatment of pathological hypersecretory conditions (e.g., Zollinger-Ellison syndrome, multiple endocrine adenomas and systemic mastocytosis).

CONTRAINDICATIONS ***Omeprazole:*** PRILOSEC Delayed-Release Capsules are contraindicated in patients with known hypersensitivity to any component of the formulation. ***Clarithromycin:*** Clarithromycin is contraindicated in patients with a known hypersensitivity to any macrolide antibiotic. Concomitant administration of clarithromycin with cisapride, pimozide, or terfenadine is contraindicated. There have been post-marketing reports of drug interactions when clarithromycin and/or erythromycin are co-administered with cisapride, pimozide, or terfenadine resulting in cardiac arrhythmias (QT prolongation, ventricular tachycardia, ventricular fibrillation, and torsades de pointes) most likely due to inhibition of hepatic metabolism of these drugs by erythromycin and clarithromycin. Fatalities have been reported. (Please refer to full prescribing information for clarithromycin before prescribing.)

WARNING: ***Clarithromycin:*** **CLARITHROMYCIN SHOULD NOT BE USED IN PREGNANT WOMEN EXCEPT IN CLINICAL CIRCUMSTANCES WHERE NO ALTERNATIVE THERAPY IS APPROPRIATE. IF PREGNANCY OCCURS WHILE TAKING CLARITHROMYCIN, THE PATIENT SHOULD BE APPRISED OF THE POTENTIAL HAZARD TO THE FETUS. (See WARNINGS in prescribing information for clarithromycin.)**

PRECAUTIONS ***General:*** Symptomatic response to therapy with omeprazole does not preclude the presence of gastric malignancy. Atrophic gastritis has been noted occasionally in gastric corpus biopsies from patients treated long-term with omeprazole. ***Information for Patients:*** PRILOSEC Delayed-Release Capsules should be taken before eating. Patients should be cautioned that the PRILOSEC Delayed-Release Capsule should not be opened, chewed or crushed, and should be swallowed whole. ***Drug Interactions:*** **Other –** Omeprazole can prolong the elimination of diazepam, warfarin and phenytoin drugs that are metabolized by oxidation in the liver. Although in normal subjects no interaction with theophylline or propranolol was found, there have been clinical reports of interaction with other drugs metabolized via the cytochrome P-450 system (e.g., cyclosporine, disulfiram, benzodiazepines). Patients should be monitored to determine if it is necessary to adjust the dosage of these drugs when taken concomitantly with PRILOSEC. Because of its profound and long-lasting inhibition of gastric acid secretion, it is theoretically possible that omeprazole may interfere with absorption of drugs where gastric pH is an important determinant of their bioavailability (e.g., ketoconazole, ampicillin esters, and iron salts). In the clinical trials, antacids were used concomitantly with the administration of PRILOSEC. **Combination Therapy with Clarithromycin –** Co-administration of omeprazole and clarithromycin has been shown to increase the serum concentrations of omeprazole, clarithromycin, and 14-hydroxy-clarithromycin. (See CLINICAL PHARMACOLOGY, *Pharmacokinetics: Combination Therapy with Clarithromycin* in full Prescribing Information.) Concomitant administration of clarithromycin with cisapride, pimozide, or terfenadine is contraindicated. There have been reports of an interaction between erythromycin and astemizole resulting in QT prolongation and torsades de pointes. Concomitant administration of erythromycin and astemizole is contraindicated. Because clarithromycin is also metabolized by cytochrome P450, concomitant administration of clarithromycin with astemizole is not recommended. (See also CONTRAINDICATIONS, Clarithromycin, above. Please refer to full prescribing information for clarithromycin before prescribing.) ***Carcinogenesis, Mutagenesis, Impairment of Fertility:*** In two 24-month carcinogenicity studies in rats, omeprazole at daily doses of 1.7, 3.4, 13.8, 44.0 and 140.8 mg/kg/day (approximately 4 to 350 times the human dose, based on a patient weight of 50 kg and a human dose of 20 mg) produced gastric ECL cell carcinoids in a dose-related manner in both male and female rats; the incidence of this effect was markedly higher in female rats, which had higher blood levels of omeprazole. Gastric carcinoids seldom occur in the untreated rat. In addition, ECL cell hyperplasia was present in all treated groups of both sexes. In one of these studies, female rats were treated with 13.8 mg/kg/day omeprazole (approximately 35 times the human dose) for 1 year, then followed for an additional year without the drug. No carcinoids were seen in these rats. An increased incidence of treatment related ECL cell hyperplasia was observed at the end of 1 year (94% treated vs 10% controls). By the second year the difference between treated and control rats was much smaller (46% vs 26%), but still showed more hyperplasia in the treated group. An unusual primary malignant tumor in the stomach was seen in one rat (2%). No similar tumor was seen in male or female rats treated for 2 years. For this strain of rat no similar tumor has been noted historically, but a finding involving only one tumor is difficult to interpret. A 78-week mouse carcinogenicity study of omeprazole did not show increased tumor occurrence, but the study was not conclusive. Omeprazole was not mutagenic in an *in vitro* Ames *Salmonella typhimurium* assay, an *in vitro* mouse lymphoma cell assay, and an *in vivo* rat liver DNA damage assay. A mouse micronucleus test at 325 and 525 times the human dose gave a borderline result, as did an *in vivo* bone marrow chromosome aberration test. A second mouse micronucleus study at 2000 times the human dose, but with different (suboptimal) sampling times, was negative. ***Pregnancy:*** **Omeprazole: Pregnancy Category C –** In rabbits, omeprazole in a dose range of 6.8 to 89.1 mg/kg/day (approximately 17 to 172 times the human dose) produced dose-related increases in embryo-lethality, fetal resorptions and pregnancy disruptions. In rats, dose-related embryo/fetal toxicity and postnatal developmental toxicity were observed in offspring resulting from parents treated with omeprazole 13.8 to 138.0 mg/kg/day (approximately 35 to 345 times the human dose). There are no adequate and well-controlled studies in pregnant women. Sporadic reports have been received of congenital abnormalities in infants born to women who have received omeprazole during pregnancy. Omeprazole should be used during pregnancy only if the potential benefit justifies the potential risk to the fetus. **Clarithromycin: Pregnancy Category C –** See WARNING (above) and full prescribing information for clarithromycin before using in pregnant women. ***Nursing Mothers:*** It is not known whether omeprazole is excreted in human milk. In rats, omeprazole administration during late gestation and lactation at doses of 13.8 to 138 mg/kg/day (35 to 345 times the human dose) resulted in decreased weight gain in pups. Because many drugs are excreted in human milk, because of the potential for serious adverse reactions in nursing infants from omeprazole, and because of the potential for tumorigenicity shown for omeprazole in rat carcinogenicity studies, a decision should be made whether to discontinue nursing or discontinue the drug, taking into account the importance of the drug to the mother. ***Pediatric Use:*** Safety and effectiveness in children have not been established.

ADVERSE REACTIONS: In the U.S. clinical trial population of 466 patients (including duodenal ulcer, Zollinger-Ellison syndrome and resistant ulcer patients), the following adverse experiences were reported to occur in 1% or more of patients on therapy with PRILOSEC* (omeprazole). Numbers in parentheses indicate percentages of the adverse experiences considered by investigators as possibly, probably, or definitely related to the drug.

	PRILOSEC (n=466)	Placebo (n=64)
[illegible]	6.9 (2.4)	0.3
[illegible]	3.0 (1.9)	3.1 (1.6)
[illegible]	2.4 (0.4)	3.1
[illegible]	2.2 (0.9)	3.1
[illegible]	1.9	1.6
[illegible]	1.5 (0.6)	0.0
[illegible]	1.5 (0.4)	4.7
Rash	1.5 (1.1)	0.0
Constipation	1.1 (0.9)	0.0
Cough	1.1	0.0
[illegible]	1.1 (0.2)	1.6 (1.6)
Back Pain	1.1	0.0

The following adverse reactions which occurred in 1% or more of omeprazole-treated patients have been reported in international double-blind, and open-label, clinical trials in which 2,631 patients and subjects received omeprazole.

Incidence of Adverse Experiences ≥ 1% Causal Relationship not Assessed

		Omeprazole (n=2631)	Placebo (n=120)
Body as a Whole			
site unspecified	Abdominal pain	5.2	3.3
	Asthenia	1.3	0.8
Digestive System	Constipation	7.5	0.8
	Diarrhea	7.7	2.5
	Flatulence	2.7	5.8
	Nausea	4.0	5.7
	Vomiting	3.2	0.8
	Acid regurgitation	1.9	3.3
Nervous System/Psychiatric	Headache	2.9	2.5

Additional adverse experiences occurring in < 1% of patients or subjects in domestic and/or international trials, or occurring since the drug was marketed, are shown below within each body system. In many instances, the relationship to PRILOSEC was unclear. *Body As a Whole:* Fever, pain, fatigue, malaise, abdominal swelling. *Cardiovascular:* Chest pain or angina, tachycardia, bradycardia, palpitation, elevated blood pressure, peripheral edema. *Gastrointestinal:* Pancreatitis (some fatal), anorexia, irritable colon, flatulence, fecal discoloration, esophageal candidiasis, mucosal atrophy of the tongue, dry mouth. During treatment with omeprazole, gastric fundic gland polyps have been noted rarely; these polyps are benign and appear to be reversible when treatment is discontinued. Gastro-duodenal carcinoids have been reported in patients with ZE syndrome or long-term treatment with PRILOSEC. This finding is believed to be a manifestation of the underlying condition, which is known to be associated with such tumors. *Hepatic:* Mild and, rarely, marked elevations of liver function tests [ALT (SGPT), AST (SGOT), γ-glutamyl transpeptidase, alkaline phosphatase, and bilirubin (jaundice)]. In rare instances overt liver disease has occurred, including hepatocellular, cholestatic, or mixed hepatitis, liver necrosis (some fatal), hepatic failure (some fatal), and hepatic encephalopathy. *Metabolic/Nutritional:* Hyponatremia, hypoglycemia, weight gain. *Musculoskeletal:* Muscle cramps, myalgia, muscle weakness, joint pain, leg pain. *Nervous System/Psychiatric:* Psychic disturbances including depression, aggressor reactions, confusion, insomnia, nervousness, tremors, apathy, somnolence, anxiety, hyperkinesias, abnormalities, vertigo, paresthesia, hemifacial dysesthesia. *Respiratory:* Epistaxis, pharyngeal pain. *Skin:* Rash and, very rarely, cases of severe generalized skin reactions including toxic epidermal necrolysis (TEN, some fatal), Stevens-Johnson syndrome and erythema multiforme (some severe), skin inflammation, urticaria, angioedema, pruritus, alopecia, dry skin, hyperhidrosis. *Special Senses:* Tinnitus, taste perversion. *Urogenital:* Interstitial nephritis (some with positive microalbumin), urinary tract infection, microscopic pyuria, urinary frequency, elevated serum creatinine, proteinuria, hematuria, glycosuria, testicular pain, gynecomastia. *Hematologic:* Rare instances of pancytopenia, agranulocytosis (some fatal), thrombocytopenia, neutropenia, anemia, leukocytosis, and hemolytic anemia have been reported. ***Combination Therapy with Clarithromycin:*** In clinical trials using combination therapy with PRILOSEC and clarithromycin, no adverse experiences peculiar to this drug combination have been observed. Adverse experiences that have occurred have been limited to those that have been previously reported with omeprazole or clarithromycin. Adverse experiences observed in controlled clinical trials using combination therapy with PRILOSEC and clarithromycin (n=346), which differed from those previously described for omeprazole alone, were: taste perversion (15%), tongue discoloration (2%), rhinitis (2%), pharyngitis (1%), and flu syndrome (1%). For more information on clarithromycin, refer to the clarithromycin package insert. (ADVERSE REACTIONS section.)

OVERDOSAGE: Rare reports have been received of overdosage with omeprazole. Doses ranged from 320 mg to 900 mg (16–45 times the usual recommended clinical dose). Manifestations were variable, but included confusion, drowsiness, blurred vision, tachycardia, nausea, diaphoresis, flushing, headache, and dry mouth. Symptoms were transient, and no serious clinical outcome has been reported. No specific antidote for omeprazole overdosage is known. Omeprazole is extensively protein bound and is, therefore, not readily dialyzable. In the event of overdosage, treatment should be symptomatic and supportive.

DOSAGE AND ADMINISTRATION ***Duodenal Ulcer:*** Short-Term Treatment of Active Duodenal Ulcer: The recommended adult oral dose of PRILOSEC is 20 mg once daily. Most patients heal within 4 weeks. Some patients may require an additional 4 weeks of therapy. (See INDICATIONS AND USAGE.)

Reduction of the Risk of Duodenal Ulcer Recurrence: Combination Therapy with Clarithromycin

Days 1–14	Days 15–28
PRILOSEC 40 mg q.d. (in the morning) plus clarithromycin 500 mg t.i.d.	PRILOSEC 20 mg q.d.

Please refer to clarithromycin full prescribing information for CONTRAINDICATIONS and WARNING and for information regarding dosing in elderly and renally impaired patients. PRECAUTIONS, *General*; PRECAUTIONS, Geriatric Use and PRECAUTIONS, Drug Interactions. ***Gastric Ulcer:*** The recommended adult oral dose is 40 mg once a day for 4 to 8 weeks. (See INDICATIONS AND USAGE.) ***Gastric Ulcer, Gastroesophageal Reflux Disease (GERD):*** The recommended adult oral dose for the treatment of patients with symptomatic GERD and no esophageal lesions is 20 mg daily for up to 4 weeks. The recommended adult oral dose for the treatment of patients with erosive esophagitis and accompanying symptoms due to GERD is 20 mg daily for 4 to 8 weeks. (See INDICATIONS AND USAGE.) ***Maintenance of Healing of Erosive Esophagitis:*** The recommended adult dose is 20 mg daily. ***Pathological Hypersecretory Conditions:*** The dosage of PRILOSEC in patients with pathological hypersecretory conditions varies with the individual patient. The recommended adult oral starting dose is 60 mg once a day. Doses should be adjusted to individual patient needs and should continue for as long as clinically indicated. Doses up to 120 mg t.i.d. have been administered. Daily dosages of greater than 80 mg should be administered in divided doses. No dosage adjustment is necessary for patients with renal impairment, hepatic dysfunction or for the elderly.

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West Point, PA 19486, USA

September 1997

PR127

NOTE: This summary provides important information about PRILOSEC. If you would like more information, ask your doctor or pharmacist to let you read the professional labeling and then discuss it with them.

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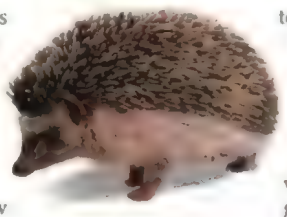
James J. Cramer

Hedge—Don't Hog

Lessons from the flop of an infamous fund: trim risks, do your homework and don't get greedy

DID YOU PERSPIRE WHEN YOU READ THE STORIES about the recklessness of the hedge-fund managers at Long Term Capital? Did you check out the mumbo jumbo in the prospectus of your mutual fund to see if it might be using your nest egg as collateral to borrow millions to bet on, say, the 49ers game? Relax. The securities regulators are better than you think. They worry more about you than about the folks who invested in Long Term—the sort who can drop $10 million without having to sell their jets.

Mutual-fund regulations prohibit the kind of leverage that drove Long Term Capital into receivership. The Securities and Exchange Commission also makes mutual funds disclose details of their investments. There are few such restrictions on hedge funds—or protections for their investors—except that the funds may not accept investors with less than $1 million in liquid assets.



Burrow In a Bit?

To reduce risk and volatility in your portfolio:

- **Balance stocks** with bonds and cash
- **Diversify your stocks** and stock funds by industry and size of company

So why would anyone want to invest in a hedge fund? Historically, these funds have delivered superior long-term returns—in falling markets as well as rising ones. Hedge funds are so named because they're better able to hedge risks. They are meant to play both offense and defense. They can bet on some stocks to rise and others to fall. Even when they bet on a stock to rise, they can buy a separate position that cuts their losses if that stock falls sharply. And they can invest in any instrument—stocks, bonds, pork bellies—in any country they want.

Most hedge funds use these tools to diversify. But a few, like Long Term Capital, have used them to make huge borrowed-money bets on instruments that can't be found in any newspaper, seeking sky-high returns that can't be sustained. These aren't hedge funds so much as hedge *hogs*.

As a fairly traditional hedge-fund manager, I use leverage sparingly and don't buy any instrument whose price can't be found in the *Wall Street Journal*. I bet on stocks that my research shows to be under- or overvalued, not on the direction of the French yield curve or the Thai baht. I play defense by betting against stocks that are too expensive, usually by buying put options—in essence, borrowing shares that I can repay at a profit after the price declines.

Options trading is too complex for the typical investor, but there are other good ways you can hedge risk. The first is to balance your portfolio in a way that lets you sleep at night. You should buy stocks for superior long-term returns, but any money you'll need in the next three years should be in cash or bonds. Bonds also reduce your portfolio's volatility because, as we saw last week, their value often rises when the stock market falls.

Balance your purchases of stocks and stock mutual funds among large, midsize and smaller firms or funds. If you buy stocks, spread them among a variety of industries. You might, for instance, buy shares in a well-run oil-service company, which prospers when oil prices are rising, and in a great car company, which profits most when oil prices are falling.

Above all, don't do what investors in Long Term Capital did. Don't put your money in any fund or company just because it's run by somebody whose press clips call him a genius and who has a Nobel laureate or two onboard. Don't jump in unless you understand exactly how the fund is investing or how the company behind the stock is being managed. Some multimillionaires can afford not to do their homework. The rest of us cannot. ■

Cramer writes for **thestreet.com,** *an investing website, and manages a hedge fund. His fund is closed; this is not a solicitation. Nothing in this column should be construed as advice to buy or sell stocks.*

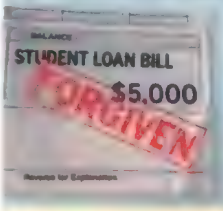
How Low Can Rates Go?

MORTGAGE RATES RECENTLY HIT 30-year lows, and the Fed's interest-rate cut last week helped push the average 30-year fixed rate down to 6.6%. Loans may get cheaper still, but don't wait before refinancing: many lenders now charge no points or fees. If you're likely to move (as the average American does every 12 years), you can save with a hybrid loan that's fixed for three to 10 years, and then adjusts.

H. ARMSTRONG ROBERTS

School Pays for Itself

STUDENTS LOOKING FOR HELP PAYING off federal loans after graduation may want to head back to school—to teach. Under the education bill passed by Congress last week, graduates who teach five years in a poor district can have $5,000 in debt forgiven. The private sector is also encouraging community service: Andersen Consulting has a new program to hire graduates from schools like the University of Michigan, but lets them first work for two years at Teach for America.



Index Funds: Size Matters

TO INVEST IN LARGE COMPANIES, BUY a low-fee index fund. But to invest in smaller stocks, it's worth paying more for an active fund manager. That's the upshot of a new study by Morningstar, which shows that for the five years ending Aug. 31, the S&P 500 index outperformed actively managed large-cap funds. Managed small-cap funds, however, almost always bested the Russell 2000 index.

Fund Performance
How often active managers beat their index

Source: Morningstar Inc.

—By Daniel Eisenberg

By MICHELE ORECKLIN

AP

ROSEANNE

Familiar with being a social pariah

On first show, featured a Linda Tripp impersonator, identified as a "big fat snitch"

Said on *Larry King Live* she thinks the President loved Lewinsky

Offered seven figures

Talk Ain't Cheap

Last week talk-show hostesses **OPRAH WINFREY** and **ROSEANNE** vied for the arguable honor of conducting the first non-grand jury grilling of Monica Lewinsky. When negotiations with Winfrey seemed to fall apart, allegedly because Lewinsky asked for money, Roseanne picked up the ball and offered some—a lot, in fact. If Lewinsky is still debating her choice, we offer some points to consider.

TIMOTHY WHITE

OPRAH

Could set up a tie-in with the book club for when Lewinsky eventually writes her memoirs

Does really good makeovers

Many people actually watch her show

Doesn't pay for guests

Fashion Forward

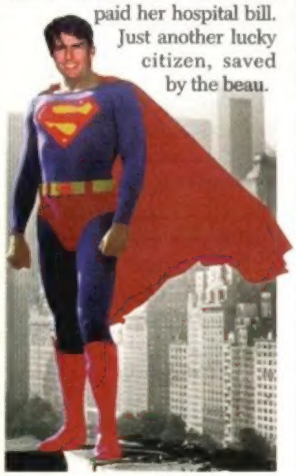
In the past several years, British designer Alexander McQueen, 29, has scandalized stylish society with such runway collections as "Highland Rape," which featured blood-spattered models, and "Joan," inspired by Joan of Arc. His success at shocking the studiously unflappable fashion cognoscenti has paid off with yards of fawning press and the post of chief designer at the classically haute house of Givenchy. But when the first model in his London fashion show hit the runway last week, she managed to upstage both McQueen and his clothes. Wearing a leather bodice and ruffled skirt, American **AIMEE MULLINS,** 22, a double amputee, also showed off a pair of sculpted wooden prosthetic legs. Born without shinbones, Mullins is a Paralympics champion who holds world records in two sprinting classes. To suggestions that she was being exploited by McQueen, she replied, "I want to be seen as beautiful because of my disability, not in spite of it."

STEVE BUTLER—SIPA

Thank Your Plucky Star

Jimmy Carter may want to watch his back. The American racking up the most humanitarian interventions these days is **TOM CRUISE,** who extended his string of rescue missions last week by aiding a mugging victim in London. Hearing cries for help, Cruise, emboldened no doubt by the presence of his bodyguards, ran to assist a woman being robbed of her jewelry. Cruise is no neophyte knight in Armani armor. At a 1996 premiere of *Mission: Impossible* he lifted two boys over a barricade to prevent them from being crushed. A few months later, while sailing in the Mediterranean, he rescued castaways from a burning boat. Also that year, he swooped in to comfort a hit-and-run victim and paid her hospital bill. Just another lucky citizen, saved by the beau.

PHOTO-ILLUSTRATION: CRUISE:STEVE GRANITZ—RETNA; SUPERMAN:CULVER PICTURES



DIGITALLY ALTERED PHOTO BY LILO—SIPA

CHILLA IN MANILA

It's not exactly a *fatwa,* but in her own adorably angst-ridden way, actress CLAIRE DANES has provoked the ire of a foreign government. While filming the movie *Brokedown Palace* earlier this year in Manila, she managed to miss the more tourist-friendly aspects of the Philippine capital. Recalling her experience in an interview with *Premiere* magazine, Danes, who apparently possesses a keen nose, recalled that the city "smelled of cockroaches." In an earlier interview, she referred to the city as "ghastly and weird." The proud members of the Manila city council could take no more. In a 23-to-3 vote, they agreed to ban all movies in which Danes appears. Philippine President Joseph Estrada said she "should not even be allowed to set foot" in the country. Danes issued a statement saying her comments were misunderstood, but the actress, who just began her freshman year at Yale, may want to consider some classes in diplomacy.

Harmonic Divergence

Social critics have long debated whether rock 'n' roll is the devil's music or heaven inspired. The latest *Billboard* album charts should add fuel to that theological fire. Last week **dc TALK's** album *Supernatural* debuted at No. 4, landing between *Psychic Circus* by KISS at No. 3 and *Mechanical Animal* by Marilyn Manson at No. 5. But while the demonic Manson courts controversy and the geriatric KISS covets relevance, dc Talk is appealing to a higher power. The Christian rockers consider the Almighty their greatest musical influence. Asked his opinion of Manson, whose last album was titled *Antichrist Superstar,* dc Talk's Kevin Max said, "I'd love to hang with him and discuss '80s music." Maybe they should talk literature. Manson's autobiography was titled *Long Road out of Hell.*

LEN PELTIER

ESSAY

Lance Morrow

Rwandan Tragedy, Lewinsky Farce

A surreal juxtaposition, like a rattlesnake in the mailbox, may clarify the mind

I HAVE SPENT THE PAST FEW DAYS FLIPPING BACK AND FORTH mentally between the Clinton-Lewinsky business and a new book by the *New Yorker's* Philip Gourevitch titled *We Wish to Inform You That Tomorrow We Will Be Killed with Our Families: Stories from Rwanda.*

The disproportion between the two subjects is grotesque, almost a joke. To crowd Lewinsky and Rwanda into the same viewfinder is not just to discuss apples and oranges but to compare, forgive me, apples and severed heads. Each of the dramas discloses a nation in moral crisis, but as Bill Clinton might point out, it depends what you mean by "moral." What a difference in the nations—and in the crises.

A surreal juxtaposition—an interesting surprise, like a rattlesnake in the mailbox—may disturb and clarify the mind. When you put the Clinton scandal and the Rwandan genocide side by side, each becomes a slightly different thing.

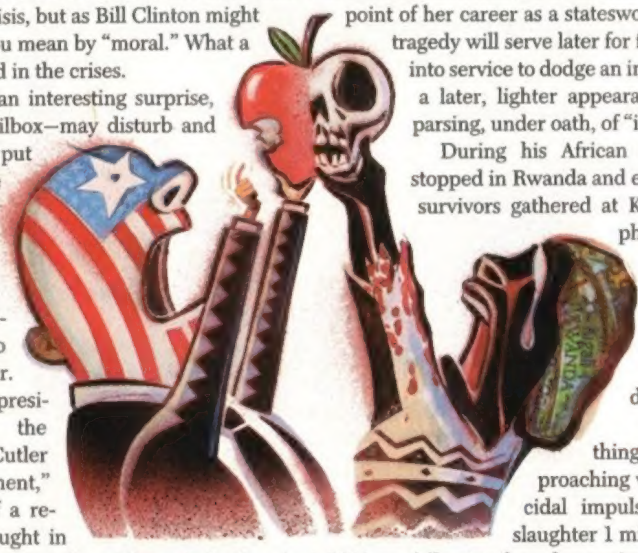
First, perspective: the moral weight of a national crisis is in inverse proportion to a nation's wealth and power. America in its opulence gets presidential docu-porn—what the Washington lawyer Lloyd Cutler calls "Full Monty impeachment," the risky, tiresome romp of a resourceful President who, caught in violations of the school's honor code, violates it further in protesting his innocence.

By contrast, Rwanda (average monthly income: less than $25) gets rivers clogged with corpses. America's wealth entitles its citizens to work themselves into a moral froth over office fellatio. America's vast First World privilege also means that its scandals are infinitely less dangerous to the man and woman in the street. America's samurai of opinion scream at one another on talk shows; political argument in Rwanda means a million people hacked to pieces by machetes.

I thought of the reporting devoted to the two subjects: Gourevitch's book ranks among the best examples of the journalism of moral witness. It speaks with an austerity enforced by the mystery and horror of the genocide.

True evil vs. pathetic misbehavior: the Lewinsky coverage unfolds in a drearily gamy continuum; prime cuts and messy chitterlings from the abattoirs of Starr, Tripp & Drudge get mass-packaged in clingwrap and cardboard for the gaudy supermarkets of the information age.

But you do notice one damning convergence. In 1994, the United States, having been burned in Somalia, was desperate to stay out of Rwanda. How to manage that? By pettifogging. By arguing about semantics: the Clinton way. His Administration, pressed to honor the 1948 Genocide Convention (not to mention human decency) by intervening, quibbled at a furious rate about the meaning of the word genocide. Madeleine Albright, who was Clinton's ambassador to the U.N. in 1994, temporized as the death toll in Rwanda climbed into the hundreds of thousands. It was, as Gourevitch writes, "the absolute low point of her career as a stateswoman." What works first for tragedy will serve later for farce. The casuistry pressed into service to dodge an inconvenient genocide made a later, lighter appearance in Clinton's Jesuitical parsing, under oath, of "is" and "sexual relations."



PETER KUPER FOR TIME

During his African tour last March, Clinton stopped in Rwanda and eloquently apologized to the survivors gathered at Kigali airport. He used the phrase "never again"—two words of grave historical weight. He said, "And never again must we be shy in the face of the evidence." *Shy?* In any case, did he mean it?

It is worth asking these things in the face of the approaching winter in Kosovo: the genocidal impulses that led the Hutu to slaughter 1 million Tutsi (give or take) in 1994 are (allowing for a few regional differences, such as machetes and skin color) identical to the tribal bloodlusts at work in the Balkans. Eerily the same: the neighbors who suddenly turn a killing fury upon neighbors, the roving bands fueled round the clock on alcohol, the strange, dull light in the murderers' eyes, the sudden civic duty to exterminate the Other.

There is little for the American people to like in the public performances they see. The polls professing satisfaction may mask an alienation, just below the surface, and a generalized disgust at everyone: the screaming media, the nitwit Congress, the ignoble President. Nero gave the people circuses. Clinton *is* the circus.

The dangerous part now is not the President's distraction by scandal and the prospect of impeachment. The risk lies, rather, in something that the Lewinsky-Rwanda convergence shows: Clinton's willingness to use words as if he did not understand that they have real meanings and consequences, as if his intense, fleeting sincerity—his shoeshine and his smile, or his wagging finger, or sidelong laser glance, or his bitten lip: his sheer performance—were sufficient. We are headed into historical country where they are not. And they never were. ■

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